

Martha Marson's  
Book 11<sup>th</sup> October 1742.  
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*In 30. folios.*

# HYMNS

Composed on  
Several Subjects,

AND ON  
DIVERS OCCASIONS:

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In FIVE PARTS.

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WITH A  
TABLE to each PART.

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By R. DAVIS, *Minister of the Gospel.*

*March 1738.*

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The FIFTH EDITION corrected.

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*Some of the HYMNS composed by other Hands.*

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L O N D O N:

Printed by T. R. in the Year 1738.



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A  
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O F T H E  
First Book.

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SELECT



SELE C T  
H Y M N S.

---

The First Book.

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H Y M N I.

1.  Christ is our Holiness and Peace,  
Christ is our Righteousness;  
Christ is our Husband, Bro-  
ther, Friend,  
Our Life, our Head, our  
Dress.

2. Christ our Redemption, and our Hope,  
Salvation, Glory, Rest;  
In him we're righteous, clean and strong,  
In him we're fully blest.

B

3. Christ

2 Select HYMNS. Book I.

3. Christ is our Wisdom, Riches, Strength ;  
So is, and was, and shall.  
For ever be unto his own ;  
Thus Christ is All in All !
4. In him we've Righteousness and Strength,  
In him we've Peace and Grace ;  
In him true Honour, Pleasure, Wealth,  
Discover'd in his Face.
5. Tho' we be poor, in him we're rich,  
Tho' weak in him we're strong ;  
When with'ring, in this green Fir-Tree  
We flourish'd all along.
6. Let's still admire and him adore,  
Who always is the same ;  
Let's magnify his glorious Grace,  
And praise his mighty Name.

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HYMN II.

1. **T**HE Soul that sees in Jesus Christ  
A lovely Preciousness,  
And does behold a Glory in  
His spotless Righteousness :
2. Sees his own Doings will not do,  
Counts them but Loss and Sin ;  
This Soul hath ventur'd upon Christ,  
And doth believe on him.
3. The Souls that with Delight do view,  
The Righteousness of Christ,  
Are taken with so suitable,  
And with so great a Priest :

4. Are

4. Are glad that such a Saviour is  
Poor Sinners for to save ;  
Tho' not for them, yet the true Faith  
That works by Love they have.
5. Question not, doubting, trembling Soul,  
Thy Faith, but still believe,  
Behold a Christ, lean on a Christ,  
An offer'd Christ receive.
6. And pour forth Praises to thy Christ,  
That thee this Faith hath given ;  
Go on believing, pressing still,  
'Till thou art got to Heav'n.

---

### HYMN III.

1. O ! Was it ever known before,  
The King's own Son should crown-  
ed be,  
On Purpose for to intercede,  
For a rebellious Enemy !
2. Thus our dear Jesus seiz'd his Throne,  
Put on his Grandeur and his State,  
Sat on th' Right Hand of Majesty,  
That he might be our Advocate.
3. The World can never Instance this,  
That Kings should Beggars Causè so  
own,  
As that to think to serve them, is  
Beyond the Pleasures of a Crown.

4. *Select HYMNS.* Book I.

4. Our dearest Advocate thinks this,  
The chiefest Sum of his Renown,  
To serve his Children now above  
The brightest Jewel of his Crown.  
5. To him are Honour, Glory, Praise,  
Obedience, Love and Service due,  
The all-prevailing Advocate,  
The faithful Witness, and the true.

---

HYMN IV.

1. **W**H Y are ye cast down princely Ones,  
Ye Royal Seed of God ?  
Whate're's your Frame, your Christ's the same  
There's Honey on his Rod.  
2. He bid's you ever to rejoice ;  
Again he says, Rejoyce :  
Whate're says Law, Sin, Satan, this  
Is your Beloved's Voice.  
3. Why should you be discouraged ? You,  
O Heirs of free rich Grace !  
For goodly is your Heritage,  
And pleasant is your Place.  
4. Whate're Discouragements object,  
Our Christ can answer all ;  
His Arm is ready to lift up,  
When we're about to fall.  
5. Do we draw back from God, because  
We're filthy and unclean ?  
He cloaths us with his shining Robes,  
Let's on with Boldness then.

6. Are

6. Are we afraid his Heart is chang'd ?  
    No ; let us have no Dread ;  
His Heart runs o're with Grace and Love,  
    As much as e're it did.

7. Let's send up Praises unto him,  
    Let us his Name extol :  
His Mercy was from ever sure,  
    And so it ever shall.

---

H Y M N V.

1. **W**HAT free rich Grace, unmix'd and  
    pure,  
    The Gospel do's proclaim !  
*Moses* with all his various Rites,  
    Could never speak so plain.

2. Come Saints, come also Sinners, taste  
    This Water, Milk, and Wine ;  
Wine without Dregs, that of the Lees,  
    Our Lord did well refine.

3. Here's Pardon without Wrath at all,  
    White Garments without Stain ;  
A Conscience-Peace made sure and strong,  
    An Ease that's free from Pain.

4. A perfect Conscience-Liberty,  
    That has no Yoke at all ;  
For whom the Son makes free, are free,  
    And ought to know no Thrall.

6 Select HYMNS. Book I.

5. Our Jesus suffer'd once for all,  
And he obtain'd thereby,  
Pardons eternal, infinite,  
And perfect Liberty.
6. And then he entred once for all,  
(Not without Blood) above ;  
His sprinkled Blood on th' Mercy-seat,  
That ever pleads for Love :
7. For boundless Love, for Goodness, Peace,  
For never-ceasing Grace ;  
God's reconcil'd within our Souls,  
It cries and cries a-pace.

---

HYMN VI.

1. INTO what Pitch of Glory we,  
In Jesus mounted are !  
Far above that (had *Adam* stood)  
Which should have been our Share.
2. Faith do's disclose such Mysteries,  
As *Adam* ne'er did see ;  
Angels now stoop themselves, to pry  
Into this Mystery.
3. In Christ, what boundless Grace and Love ?  
What Glory, Peace, and Hope ?  
The Fountains of the Deep break up,  
And Heaven's Windows ope.
4. What great Salvation, then is this  
The Gospel brings to light !  
It's so astonishing to Faith,  
What will it be to Sight ?

5. Come

5. Come Saints, admire, adore, set forth,  
In Songs and Hymns this Grace :  
Down, down with every Idol self,  
That steps up in its Place.

6. Sinners, this Grace is tendred to  
The Vilest of you all :  
Come Sinners, come, accept this Grace,  
The Gospel gives a Call.

7. Stand not for to dispute, and die,  
Free offered Grace receive ;  
Such Love embrace, accept such Grace ;  
O do this Grace believe !

## H Y M N VII.

1. COME let's return unto the Lord,  
Who lov'd and wash'd us with his  
Blood ;  
Let's turn to him ; because he hath  
Declar'd to us that he is good.

2. O what a hateful Thing is Sin,  
Against a God of boundless Grace !  
That thus affronts the God of Love,  
And spits in the Redeemer's Face.

3. What Heart of Stone would not be  
broke,  
To see our Jefus pierc'd by us ;  
And that these Murtherers, our Sins,  
Should wound and tear our Saviour thus !

8      *Select H Y M N S.*      Book I.

4. What Face Confusion will not spread !  
    What Soul would not itself abase,  
To see that Jesus loved him,  
    In such a wretched, sinful Case.
5. He lov'd us first, O let us love !  
    Let Love constrain us to obey ;  
Such a good Master, who'd not serve ;  
    Yea, love and honour him alway ?
6. Come Sinners taste the Grace of God,  
    That's offer'd freely unto you :  
Come and accept of Christ, and then  
    All your Repentance will be true.
7. Take Christ for Saviour, Life and Strength,  
    Your Service then won't be in vain ;  
Come rest you in the Love of Christ,  
    You'll mourn then in a Gospel-strain.
8. Glory and Honour, lasting Praise,  
    Be to our dearest Jesus given :  
Let's here then praise his Name always,  
    'Till swallow'd in that Work in Heaven.

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H Y M N   VIII.

1. **O** What a glorious Light is this,  
    The Gospel-Day does bring to us !  
What wondrous Grace of God in Christ  
    Does Faith reveal to Sinners thus ?
2. Both Life and Immortality,  
    Are by the Gospel brought to Light :  
The fair bright Day of Truth appears,  
    Beyond what *Moses* spake by Rites.
3. How

Book I.      *Select H Y M N S.*      9

3. How does the God of Love and Grace,  
    Appear our Father and our Lord ?  
How does the Gospel this declare  
    In *Jesus* Name, and in his Word ?
4. The Lord, the Spirit does reveal  
    This Truth to our dark Consciences ;  
By pouring in Christ's pard'ning Blood,  
    Within he manifesteth this.
5. The Gospel that ran free at first,  
    Hath since been sealed with many Seals,  
But *Judah*'s Lion hath prevailed,  
    To open them, and he reveals.
6. They shall be opened all at last,  
    The Lamb will now a Lion be ;  
O glorious Lamb and Lion too !  
    All Praise and Honour be to thee.

---

H Y M N IX.

1. **O**UR Lips let's move for Songs of Love,  
    To praise electing Love ;  
Send down to our Assistance, Lord,  
    The Spirit from above.
2. Eternal Grace in Jesus Face,  
    That shines to's Bride and Wife,  
That still to bless thro' Righteousness,  
    Reigns to Eternal Life.
3. In Praises high let's magnify,  
    Adoring bow thereto !  
O Grace ! free Grace ! O glorious Grace,  
    That rescu'd us from Woe.

4. When God resolv'd that Grace should  
A Law of Life came in, [lave,  
That at the Breaches of this Law,  
Grace deluge might o're Sin.

5. And why must Sin then enter in ?  
That Grace might overflow :  
Since Mounts of Sin can't bound it in,  
Grace boundless is we know.

6. Law, Death, Sin, Hell brought to the  
The Strength of Grace to try ; [Field,  
Grace gives a Fall unto them all,  
And wins the Victory.

7. All to attest and manifest,  
Th' Omnipotence of Grace,  
And that it is unchangeable ;  
Nothing can it efase.

8. That we might see its Sov'reignty,  
Sin's suffered first alone,  
T'extend its Empire far and wide,  
And fortify its Throne.

9. That as Sin reigned unto Death,  
So Grace might weild the Sword ;  
And reign to Life thro' Righteousness,  
In Jesus Christ our Lord.

---

## HYMN X.

1. **W**hen captive Slaves to Sin and Death,  
A dying Jesus set us free ;  
Rais'd from a Dungeon to a Throne :  
O glorious Goal-delivery !

2. That

Book I. *Select HYMNS.* II

2. That worst of Rebels may not be,  
For ever ruin'd and undone,  
The injur'd King to Justice does  
Deliver up his only Son.
3. That the Offender at the Bar,  
Might stand acquit, the Judge doth die,  
Condemns himself to Bands and Chains,  
To set the Wretch at Liberty.
4. Astonish'd be the Heavens above !  
Confounded be the Earth below !  
Here's Love and Grace for to amaze,  
Not to o're-do, but overflow.
5. Poor Sinners come believe this Grace,  
Come venture on't and you shall be,  
By reigning Grace from reigning Sin,  
Freed in our Lord as well as we.
6. Accept you of our Jesus Christ,  
And with him you'll have all his Grace :  
To-day he calls, to-day come all,  
There's left for you both Room and Place.
7. Who would of Fetters then be fond,  
If they this Moment might be free ?  
O ! therefore harden not your Hearts,  
Who now are call'd to Liberty.
8. But, now, ev'n now obey the Call,  
That you and we might Christ adore ;  
Sound far and wide his Praises high,  
To whom they're due for evermore.

## HYMN XI.

1. OUR Father from Eternity,  
Look'd on us in our Sin ;  
Then view'd a bleeding righteous Christ,  
And we compleat in him.
2. He then with God the Son agreed,  
Th' Obedience of the Son,  
Imputed be to the Elect ;  
Then 'twas agreed and done.
3. O wond'rous Love and Grace indeed !  
That from Eternity  
Should be employ'd to make us pure,  
And absolutely free !
4. With this imputed Righteousness,  
For ever cloathed upon,  
Than Angels far accepted more,  
To God upon the Throne.
5. Which never changes with our Frames,  
No, nor our Holiness :  
Not Sin, nor Guilt, not Death, nor World,  
Can touch or move this Drefs.
6. Let's his immortal Honour sing,  
Who wrought this out for us ;  
In Praises, yea in living Praise,  
Extol his Garments thus.

HYMN

## HYMN XII.

1. SOULS must believe and come to Christ,  
Or die for Breach of Laws :  
And yet there is no Soul can come,  
But whom the Father draws.
2. Uniting Faith's a pow'rful Light,  
Revealing Christ within,  
And in discov'ring Pardon, does  
Destroy the Reign of Sin.
3. In shewing to the Soul, that Sin  
And self are cover'd o're ;  
It turns the Soul from Self and Sin,  
Our Jesus to adore.
4. It is a great creating Light,  
Gives Light where there was none ;  
In a dark Heart its Beams displays,  
Softens a Heart of Stone.
5. 'Tis the same Power wrought in Christ,  
When rais'd up from the Dead,  
And over Principalities,  
And Powers set him head.
6. Let's look to him, and praise him too ;  
Jesus above that hath  
This Power to give, the Author is,  
And Finisher of Faith.

## HYMN XIII.

1. **A** Bleeding Jesus testify'd,  
This with his latest Breath,  
That he had Conquest finished,  
O're Sin, o're Hell, o're Death.
2. 'Tis finish'd ! O this joyful Sound,  
Rings thro' the Heav'ns above !  
God and good Angels do rejoice ;  
O here is wond'rous Love !
3. 'Tis finish'd ; cries our bleeding Lord,  
I have receiv'd the Blow  
For mine ; let Justice sheath his Sword,  
And Father, let them go.
4. Father, it's finish'd, I have made,  
Full End of Sin for them :  
My Righteousness does make them just,  
Who is't that dare condemn !
5. 'Tis finish'd ! This, through all the Earth,  
To Sinners gives a Call :  
All Things are ready ; Sinners, come  
Unto this Marriage all.
6. 'Tis finish'd, O how pleasant is,  
To guilty Souls this Sound ?  
It does bind up the broken Bones,  
And heals each deadly Wound.
7. 'Tis finish'd ! Don't your Souls, O Saints,  
Leap at this pleasant Voice ?  
For your Redemption's now compleat,  
For evermore rejoice.
8. O but

8. O but it has a Sound of Dread,  
To all the Damn'd below !  
Love, Mercy, Grace, are finished,  
But not a Drop for you.

9. You Dev'l's, for you I have not bled,  
And Sinners you defy'd  
My Blood, and have my Person scorn'd ;  
Now you shall be deny'd.

10. To him that wash'd us with his Blood,  
Eternal Praife be given,  
From all the Saints that are on Earth,  
And all the Saints in Heaven.

## HYMN XIV.

1. O Wond'rous God-like Righteousness !  
'Tis tinctur'd with the God-head thro'  
The bright Perfections of a God,  
Do over all this Garment flow.

2. The Tongues of glorious Saints above,  
And Angels Voices, can't expres,  
The beauteous shining Glory of  
This everlasting Righteousness.

3. It is Almighty in itself,  
And of almighty Vertue too,  
And all Things both in Heaven and Earth,  
It can, and will, and does subdue.

4. 'Tis all-sufficient, it can give  
Whate're poor Sinners want, or crave ;  
It giveth all Things to the Poor,  
And doth unto the utmost save.

5. It

5. It never changes, tho' we may;  
 It shall on Saints out-shine the Sun;  
 Nothing in us can alter this,  
 Nor now, nor when our Life is done.

6. Let us, that are made Priests to God,  
 Clad in this white and shining Dress,  
 Still send our Shoutings up of Praise,  
 Unto the Lord our Righteousness.

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## HYMN XV.

1. WE black, but comely are, O Men,  
 Black in ourselves, comely in him,  
 Who is the Lord our Righteousness,  
 Pronounced clean, tho' we have Sin.

2. O! What a Righteousness is this,  
 That hath *Jehovah* for its Name!  
 And is our Righteousness and his,  
 In Name and Self the very same!

3. Ourselves are poor, we nothing have,  
 And yet we all Things do possess:  
 We only glory in the Lord,  
 Even in the Lord our Righteousness.

4. We in ourselves the Sentence have  
 Of Death, but our dear Saviour bled:  
 Our Confidence we put in him,  
 Who rais'd up Jesus from the Dead.

5. We are pronounc'd all over clean;  
 The Plague of Leprosy hath done;  
 Our great High-Priest hath this pronounc'd,  
 We're without Guilt before the Throne.

6. Lord

6. Lord give us mighty Faith in this,  
And we shall mighty Foes subdue ;  
Our Faith's (like Sampson's Hairs) our  
Strength,  
By which we Bars and Gates break  
through.

7. Let's Honour, Glory, Power give,  
And Hallelujah to him sing,  
Who is the Bright and Morning-Star,  
The awful great immortal King.

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### HYMN XVI.

1. If greatest Price can purchase Peace,  
Believer, ben't afraid,  
To buy for thee his Father's Peace,  
Christ hath the Ransom paid.

2. If Strength and Power can prevail,  
To rescue thee from Thrall ;  
Clear up for thy Redeemer's strong,  
The Sov'reign Lord of all.

3. If the prevailing Prayer of  
A powerful Favourite,  
Can for thee any Grace procure,  
Then fear thou not thy Right.

4. Peace, Pardon, Life, and Glory too,  
Are without Question thine :  
His Intercession, Death, and Power,  
Do all for thee combine.

5. For

5. For Christ thou hast, and thou hast all  
And Glory thou shalt have :  
He who e're lives to intercede,  
Can to the utmost save.

6. Now Thanks let's give to him that lives,  
To intercede above,  
And let us to his Glory live,  
Thro' Patience, Faith, and Love.

## HYMN XVII.

1. **T**HE Heart of Christ in Heav'n now,  
Is stor'd with Grace and Love ;  
His Bowels towards Sinners now,  
With strong Compassion move.

2. He gives no Slumber to his Eyes,  
But still employs his Care,  
How to deliver his i'th' World,  
Out of the Devil's Snare.

3. There he doth plead, and intercede  
With his Great Father too ;  
Thus he employs his glorious Care,  
To rescue us from Woe.

4. His Love and Bowels are not chang'd,  
For all his glorious Crown :  
Sinners, O could you see his Face,  
O sure 'twould melt you down !

5. His Gospel, and his Spirit too,  
Unbosom him to you :  
O view his Grace, accept his Grace,  
Believe his Grace most true.

6. Come

all 6. Come you are welcome to his Grace,  
 O cast yourselves therein,  
 This is the Fountain opened wide,  
 To cleanse from Filth of Sin.

7. Is there a hard'ned Sinner here,  
 That will this Grace refuse ?  
 On thy own Head then be thy Blood,  
 Since thou wilt Ruin chuse.

8. Let us that tasted have this Grace,  
 His Praises sound on high :  
 Let's praise this Grace, O glorious Grace !  
 Reign thou eternally.

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## HYMN XVIII.

1. **C**hrist doth the Crown in *Zion* wear,  
 And all the Nations rules,  
 And by his Power he doth subdue,  
 Untam'd rebellious Souls.

2. Preach'd to the World, receiv'd by Faith,  
 Of Heaven, Earth, and Hell,  
 The mighty King and Sov'reign Lord,  
 Who can his Glory tell ?

3. The Fountain, nay, the Ocean,  
 The Fulness of all Grace :  
 The Glory of the Father shines  
 In thy most lovely Face.

4. The Temple, which the splendid Train,  
 Of all the Godhead fills :  
 Perfections, Beauties, blaze in thee,  
 Of everlasting Hills.

5. The

5. The bright, the clear essential Glass ;  
 In which we may behold,  
*Jebovah's* shining Majesty,  
 Out-dazzling Pearls and Gold.

6. Of thee we'll sing, Almighty King,  
 Our glorious *Solomon* ;  
 Our Jesus, Prophet, Prince and Priest,  
 The Father's Christ and Son.

7. O ! Who may dare with thee compare ?  
 Created Beings all,  
 Like *Dagon*, 'fore the Ark of old,  
 Before thy Feet must fall.

8. Let's Echo forth his Praise, who is  
 The Judge of Quick and Dead :  
 In *Zion's* Gates Praise for thee waits,  
 Our Sov'reign Lord and Head.

## HYMN XIX.

1. **C**hrist our High-Priest, defends his  
 Church,  
 A Wall of Fire round about,  
 The Bulwark of *Jerusalem* ;  
 He like a King in her doth shout.

2. His Eyes are watchful to secure,  
 His Glory upon her from Harms ;  
 Our *Solomon* has valiant Men  
 To keep his Bed from Night-Alarms.

3. That

That which entitles him to all,  
Is the bright Garment which he wears ;  
And 'tis that Cov'ring that secures  
Us from our Filth, and Guilt, and Fears.  
The Godly stand now in that Robe,  
And shall for ever stand therein ;  
This Garment is a Cov'ring for  
Our Holiness as well as Sin.  
It is the Righteousness of Christ,  
That is with him at God's right Hand ;  
Tis in the Lord above we have,  
This Righteousness wherein we stand.  
This Cov'ring hath its great Defence,  
For Jacob's God with Jacob is.  
As a strong Tow'r, because he sees,  
No Sin in him as cloath'd with this.  
Our God and Father in his Love,  
Doth rest upon his Mercy-Seat,  
And thence, with us, about his Grace,  
His Love and Favour stoops to treat.  
All Thanks and Praise be to his Name,  
Who dwells in his Love's Resting-Place ;  
And thence for ever doth shew down  
On Rebels, Favour, Love and Grace.

## HYMN XX.

OUR great High-Priest, our Persons doth  
To's Father represent,  
In that resplendent splendid Robe,  
That casts forth Spices Scent.

2. He

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2. He takes our Pray'rs, and he throws out  
What's sinful, and what's bad ;  
Reformed thus he brings them in,  
With his own Merits clad.

3. And Holiness unto the Lord,  
Doth write upon them all :  
We, and our Duties, stand in him,  
And thus can never fall.

4. Tho' poor our Persons, poor our Frames ;  
And poor our Duties too :  
Yet we are rich in him ; and ours  
Do make a splendid Show.

5. A Pray'r, like th' chatt'ring of a Crane,  
Mixt with this Incense, flies  
Like to the mighty Clouds above,  
And pierceth thro' the Skies.

6. There they are entred on the File,  
And Blessings will bring down ;  
They're now above, and we one Day  
Shall wear the promis'd Crown.

7. Glory let's bring unto our King,  
And Intercessor too ;  
High Praises to our Advocate  
That dwells in Heav'n, are due.

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HYMN XXI.

1. **T**O Him that lov'd us of himself,  
And dy'd to do us good,  
And wash'd us from our scarlet Sins,  
In his most precious Blood :

2. And

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2. And made us Kings and Priests to God,  
His Father infinite,  
To him eternal Glory be,  
And everlasting Might.
3. The Lamb is worthy that was slain,  
To have all Pow'r and Wealth,  
All Honour, Glory, Wisdom, Strength,  
Thanks for his saving Health.
4. Thanks, Honour, Glory, Pow'r to him,  
That on the Throne doth sit,  
And to the Lamb for ever and  
For ever ; so be it.
5. Thousands of thousands of the Saints,  
Which stand before their King,  
With shining Robes, and spreading Palms,  
Loud Hallelujahs sing.
6. Ascribe Salvation to our Lord,  
Who sits upon the Throne,  
And to the Lamb, the glorious Lamb,  
Ascribe Salvation.
7. Amen, Amen, the Angels cry,  
Salvation is his Due :  
And we through all Eternity,  
His Praises will renew.
8. Thanks, Glory, Blessing, Wisdom, Might,  
Honour and Power then,  
To our God, and to the Lamb  
For evermore. *Amen.*

HYMN

## HYMN XXII.

1. O H! Let us bow before the Lord,  
The Lord of Glory that's above,  
Who tabernacled among us :  
    O great Effects of wond'rous Love !
2. And thro' the Veil, his blessed Flesh,  
    Let's go to God on th' Mercy-Seat ;  
Who fits to commune with us thence,  
    As before God in him compleat.
3. Glory and Praise, let's warble forth,  
    To him, in an Angelick Strain ;  
To him the Lamb upon the Throne,  
    To him the Lamb that hath been slain.
4. He is that Temple in which God,  
    Doth lift his Train of Glory high :  
All the Perfections shine in him,  
    Of the Eternal Deity.
5. How glorious is this mighty King !  
    How full of Majesty this Son !  
How richly clad this great High-Priest !  
    How fair this Well-beloved One !
6. He is the Altar all of Gold,  
    He is the Hill of Frankincense :  
Our Duties all are sanctify'd,  
    Accepted too, as coming thence.
7. Coals from this Altar touch our Lips,  
    That we may his great Praises sound ;  
O let our Tongues be still employ'd,  
    To publish all his Acts around.

HYMN

HYMN XXIII.

1. Christ in our Sins was wrapt about,  
When he our Sacrifice did fall ;  
Our Sins all met upon our Lord :  
He Satisfaction made for all.
2. That so Believers might be wrap't  
About with his great Righteousness,  
To cover Duty, Sin, and Self,  
That there appear no Nakedness.
3. He broke the Pow'r, and hid the Filth  
When he dissolv'd the Guilt of Sin :  
The Gates of Heav'n and Holiness,  
Hath op't to let his Nation in.
4. He in his Body on the Tree,  
Has to his God them reconcil'd ;  
The Father Sinners does embrace,  
Thro' Jesus Christ his only Child.
5. He is the Ark and Resting-place,  
Where gathered Sinners are secure,  
From the great Flood of Sin and Wrath,  
In a Retreat that is most sure.
6. In him the Father's Goodness dwells ;  
In him the Father's Love appears,  
In him we in God's Love abide,  
Delivered from our Guilt and Fears.
7. Therefore let's celebrate his Praise,  
Who is the mighty Prince of Life ;  
Who would espouse a filthy Soul  
Unto himself, and make his Wife.

8. Glory and Honour unto him,  
 Sing Praise (and let no Tongue be dumb)  
 Unto the bleeding Lamb above ;  
 For by his Blood we overcome.

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## H Y M N XXIV.

*Sung at a FUNERAL.*

1. BLESSED Door of Bliss to weary Saints,  
 Thou art grim Death become ;  
 Secur'd as in a Cabinet,  
 Their Dust is in the Tomb.
2. By Death they enter to those Joys,  
 Prepar'd for them above,  
 There they are ever swallow'd up  
 In endless Life and Love.
3. O ! There they see as they are seen,  
 With clear unclouded Views ;  
 O ! There they hear of nothing else,  
 But joyful glorious News.
4. Anthems of Joys and Praise are there,  
 With Hallelujahs sung :  
 Who would be fond of this vain World,  
 This Drels, this Dirt, this Dung ?
5. There Saints for ever to behold  
 Their dearest Jesus Face :  
 There always they admiring are  
 Eternal boundleis Grace.
6. They're

6. They're in the House not made with  
In Heav'n eternally blu (Hands,  
They dwell, and with the Rays of Christ  
They shine most gloriously.
7. Quite freed from Labour, Sorrow, Sin,  
From Cumbrance, Peril, Pain  
Then we shall find whare're we did  
For Christ was not in vain.
8. Now Heaven's Work is here begun,  
The Work of singing Praise ;  
The Work and Will of God in Christ,  
Which there we'll work always.

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## HYMN XXV.

1. **G**lory and Praise, ascribe always  
To the Eternal King :  
Ye blessed Saints with Heart and Voice,  
His glorious Wonders sing.
2. While Christ endures, ye are secure,  
Ty'd with strong Cov'nant-bands ;  
Lust never can, nor Death, nor Man,  
Pluck you from Jesus Hands.
3. Your Husband, Head, your Shepherd,  
He who engag'd for you, (Friend,  
Is the Almighty and All-wife,  
Unchangeable and true.
4. The Covenant on God's great Word,  
And Oath most firmly stands :  
The Father's above all, none can  
Pluck from the Father's Hands.

5. He from Eternity decreed,  
Th' Elect should happy be ;  
Nor World, nor Flesh, nor Man's bad Heart,  
Can alter his Decree.

6. O then let's praise, since Heaven's Joys  
Are in our Souls begun ;  
And let our Praises, like our Joys,  
Have never, never done.

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## HYMN XXVI.

1. **A**ND has the high and lofty One,  
That dwells in bright eternal Day,  
Stoop'd down, t' embrace poor Clods of Earth  
And dwell in Tenements of Clay ?

2. Ravishing, condescending Love !  
O Goodness that's astonishing !  
Who would not warble forth thy Praise ?  
The Wonders of thy Glory sing ?

3. Did ever King dethrone himself,  
To have Communion with the Poor ?  
Or lay his Grandeur by t' embrace  
A base, deformed Black-a-moor ?

4. But the eternal Majesty,  
The Lord of Glory, he did so :  
The great Creator's boundless Love,  
Thro' Christ, doth to his Creatures flow :

5. His Creatures ; nay, his wretched Ones,  
His most rebellious Enemies ;  
These his Delight, his Jewels ; these,  
These are the Apples of his Eyes.

6. What

6. What shall we say? ravish'd, amaz'd;  
And where if we could speak begin?  
In Silence then let us sink down,  
Since such vast Depths we're swallow'd in!

### H Y M N XXVII.

1. O! What a great High-Priest have we,  
With Garments shining bright!  
And in whose Garments we appear  
Before our God in Light.
2. Our Priest doth sit upon the Throne,  
A Prophet understood;  
Thence rules and guides, as well as saves  
Us, with his godlike Blood.
3. Who'd not to such a Scepter bow,  
That's Righteousness and Peace?  
Who would not such Obedience choose  
That is an holy Ease?
4. Our King is great Melchizedek,  
And King of Salem too!  
What Pleasure, Honour, Glory is't,  
That he should us subdue?
5. O! what an Officer have we,  
Eternal, Infinite, Supreme,  
Unchangeable, Supreme, most true,  
Most glorious, pure, and bright.
6. Eternal Honour to our Priest,  
Eternal Thanks and Praise;  
Let's Hallelujahs warble forth,  
Let's sing to him always.

## HYMN XXVIII.

1. **T**HE Train of Heavenly Glory fills  
The Flesh, wherein the Godhead  
dwells ;  
The Father's Goodness his bless'd Face,  
Whence we receive, and Grace for Grace.
2. This is the Mercy-seat and Throne,  
Which boundless Grace does fit upon,  
Eternal Wisdom does enshrine,  
Its Beams in him, and thence they shine.
3. Hence wicked Rebels for to harm,  
Comes forth the Thunder of God's Arm !  
All Pow'r o're Earth, o're Hell, o're Heav'n  
Is by the Father to him given.
4. The Beams of infinite Holiness,  
Do dart most awful thro' his Flesh ;  
The Holy Jesus doth declare,  
What Holies in the Godhead are.
5. He is a saving gracious Christ,  
The Judgment that God did entrust,  
With him doth plainly manifest,  
Both to the Damned and the Just.
6. This great Foundation that endures,  
Reveals our God more sure and sure ;  
To sum up all, we hence infer,  
He is the Father's Character.
7. Who would not love this lovely Son,  
This bright, this glorious shining One ?  
What stammering Tongue can silent be ?  
Or is there an unbowing Knee ?
8. O ! Let

8. O! Let his Brightness be unfurl'd,  
Tell ye his Wonders thro' the World;  
Inspired with an holy Flame,  
Make mention of his awful Name.

boog wod hinc maledic woh

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### H Y M N XXIX.

1. **L**ET's not the holy Spirit grieve,  
But let's its Motions mind:  
Saints, let us say our Sails are fill'd  
With this Almighty Wind.
2. If vain, or wicked we should be,  
In Lip, in Life, or Heart,  
Or else defile ourselves with Pitch  
The Spirit will depart.
3. If we should dare Christ's Honour slight,  
B' in Duty negligent,  
The Spirit will be quench'd by that,  
Whom God the Father sent.
4. When we his Gifts and Callings slight,  
And's Message do distrust;  
We then the Spirit do provoke,  
And's Motion do resist.
5. When we don't hearken unto him,  
But to the Law within;  
No wonder then we sett'r'd are,  
And feel the Reign of Sin.
6. When we no Heart, nor Lip, nor Tongue,  
Have for his Praise to move,  
No wonder he doth cease to tell  
Us Stories of Christ's Love.

## HYMN XXX.

1. *Of Eborah* Jesus ! O how sweet,  
How healing, and how good  
Is the Almighty Virtue of  
His God-like sacred Blood!
2. It's the Eye-salve that cures the Sight,  
It's *Gilead's* sovereign Balm ;  
Dead Souls it quickens, and it makes  
A fleeting Conscience calm.
3. It Wrath removes, God reconciles,  
Creates a Peace within ;  
And yet it daily crucifies  
Indwelling Lust and Sin.
4. 'Tween *David's* House and *Saul's*, it sets  
A constant fatal Strife :  
O happy we ! Altho' it grieves,  
'That is a Sign of Life.
5. Oh precious Blood ! O sacred Flood !  
That in Perdition drowns  
Our Lust and Sin that reign within,  
But us with Glory crowns.
6. Why will the Sinner perish ? Since  
There's such an healing Pool,  
Such Fountains opened in Christ's Side,  
To heal his lep'rous Soul ?
7. O ! Hallelujah ever be,  
Sung in *Eborah's* Praise,  
Who such Salvation wrought to us,  
Such Glory, Bliss and Joys.

HYMN

## HYMN XXXI.

1. **W**HAT glorious Intercessor's this,  
That lives for us upon the Throne,  
He is array'd with Glory bright,  
And long hath in that Glory shone.
2. **H**e's with the greatest Honours crown'd,  
Advanc'd to highest Dignity ;  
He's vested with Almighty Pow'r,  
Above all Powers set on high.
3. **H**e's King of Heaven, Earth and Hell ;  
All Things subjected are to him,  
Angels, and Devils, and Mankind,  
Both good and bad, Death, Hell and Sin.
4. **B**ut yet his Childrens Minister,  
All this doth for their Service own,  
He rules o're all, them for to serve,  
And sits their Priest upon the Throne.
5. **T**hus he employs his Powers all,  
His Glory, Might, and Majesty,  
His Favour, and his Interest,  
To serve his Childrens Liberty.
6. **T**his he doth manage every Hour,  
And every Moment, now above ;  
Ev'n our Salvation, Safety, Peace,  
And is not this amazing Love.
7. **A**ll Honour, Glory, Thanks and Praise,  
Be to this Intercessor giv'n,  
Who for the Service of our Faith,  
Sits now enthron'd on high in Heav'n.

## HYMN XXXII.

1. COME let's find out our cursed Sin ;  
And therefore let us go,  
Unto a crucified Christ,  
And there we Sin shall know.
2. Let's humbled be, and mourn for Sin ;  
Therefore let's go and view  
Our Jesus, whom our Sins did pierce,  
Then shall our Grief be true.
3. So let us loath Sin and ourselves,  
Our God is pacify'd ;  
And his Love delug'd over Mounts,  
Then when our Jesus dy'd.
4. To God let's make Acknowledgment  
For Sin, with Shame of Face :  
Our Father saw us afar off,  
And ran to our Embrace.
5. Repentance is a beauteous Tree,  
On Faith its Roots doth grow ;  
It's water'd, and is juic'd by Love,  
Which Love from Faith doth flow.
6. Sinners, you must repent or die ;  
And would you then repent ?  
O ! come to Jesus, he will give  
Your godly Sorrow vent.
7. O ! come to him, and do not stay  
For Mourning first, or Ease ;  
For change of Life, or broken Heart,  
For he will give all these.

8. Come you with us, and honour him,  
Let's honour his free Grace y H  
Let that be magnified alone,  
And that alone embrace.

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H Y M N XXXIII.

1. **O** God in Goodness infinite,  
Thou art most ready to forgive,  
Who from thy Bosom sen'st thy Son,  
To dye for us, that we might live.
2. Come grieved Consciences, come taste  
This heavenly Chear, so choice, so good  
Get into Jesus wounded Sides,  
Drink in the Vertue of his Blood.
3. Your Smart shall turn'd be into Joy,  
Your Sin shall die, your Grief shall cease:  
This shed Blood in thy Heart shall shed  
The Love of Jesus and his Peace.
4. Thou shalt see God thy Father is,  
That he hath chose thee afore Time,  
That all thy Sins forgiven are,  
That Christ in Covenant is thine.
5. Come all ye Saints, and praise the Lord,  
Who hath done such great Things for you,  
Admire, adore his Goodness all,  
Which is as boundleis as 'tis true.

## HYMN XXXIV.

1. **T**hro' ev'ry Grace and Duty too,  
Faith doth itself diffuse ;  
For Holiness in Heart and Life,  
Is Faith put out to use.
2. Faith is the Root and Tree, from which  
All other Branches slide,  
And every Grace o'th' Spirit is  
(But Faith) diversify'd.
3. Love's Faith embracing ; Hope is Faith  
That looks for what's to come ;  
Patience is Faith expecting ; Zeal  
Is Faith upon the Run :
4. And Self-denial is a Grace  
That empties us of all  
That Self abhors, and comes to Christ  
According to his Call.
5. Each Duty must be done in Faith ;  
Faith throughout all must run ;  
The Devil, Sin, the World, and all  
Tis Faith must overcome.
6. Now to the Purchaser of Faith,  
And Giver of it too,  
Be Honour, Glory, Thanks and Praise,  
As it's most meet and due.

## HYMN XXXV.

1. **L**OVE ye your lovely Lord, ye Saints,  
Who's altogether fair :  
Created Beauties are but Shades,  
If they with him compare.
2. Stir and awake your Souls to Love,  
Your Jesus to embrace ;  
With Wonders all his Glory view,  
That's full of Truth and Grace.
3. His blest Example imitate,  
And learn of him who's meek,  
His lowly humble Steps tread in,  
His Face and Favour seek.
4. Give Honour to King Jesus, Saints  
Give Honour to his Name ;  
The Father's Honour doth require,  
The Son should have the same.
5. His Father hath transferred on him  
His Glory, Judgment, Fame ;  
He hath advanc'd him very high ;  
O! Magnify his Name.
6. Therefore all Honour unto him,  
And Praises are most due :  
The Almighty, Wise, Eternal King,  
The Holy, Just, and True.

## HYMN XXXVI.

**W** GOD of all Grace, let's see thy Face,  
 Being freed from Law and Sin :  
 These did enslave ; by Grace we have  
 A Freedom now within :

2. The Law shan't rise to tyannize,  
 Our Glory to deface,  
 It shall no more on us have Pow'r,  
 For we are under Grace.

3. O purge our Souls, and do thou roul  
 Away our Sin and Fear :  
 Christ's Blood i'th' Heart will ease Sin's  
 smart, And seal a Pardon there.

4. Jehovah Lord, th' eternal Word,  
 Thou brightest Majesty,  
 Array'd with bright and daz'ling Light,  
 Thou fit'st enthron'd on high.

5. Thy Saints now throw their Crowns below  
 Thy awful Throne and Feet,  
 And prostrate fall to worship all ;  
 For 'tis most just and meet.

6. Thy glorious Light, majestick Might,  
 Thou dost with Dread reveal :  
 Thy gracious Ear bows down to Pray'r,  
 Thou dost Diseases heal.

7. And thou dost thus walk among us,  
 Displaying Pow'r and Love ;  
 The Gospel-charm (thy stretched Arm)  
 Doth on these Waters move.

8. Thou

8. Thou worthy art from Lip and Heart,  
All Thanks and Praise to have ;  
All Glory, Power, (every Hout,)  
And Honour to receive.

9. O ! Let us all thy Name extol,  
Thy glorious Fame let's raise !  
Let Heavens sing, let Earth forth bring,  
And Seas roar out thy Praise.

10. Ye Saints that wait at Zion's Gate,  
Sing Praise to Zion's King,  
*Hosannabs,* Hallelujahs all !  
Still Hallelujahs sing !

### H Y M N XXXVII.

1. **B**Elieve, O Soul, and thou shalt see  
Heav'n's Dew on thee distil ;  
Mount up thy Faith, and thou shalt see  
A greater Glory still.

2. Let not thy Unbelief obstruct,  
Christ's growing Int'rest now ;  
Only believe, that all unto  
His mighty Name might bow.

3. Upon the Wing of Acts of Faith,  
Do thou exalt his Name :  
Believe his Glory shining bright,  
His Person in the same.

4. Believe the World down at his Feet,  
And Zion glorious made :  
We may believe that firmly, which  
The God of Truth hath said.

5. Believe,

5. Believe, all Sickness shall be heal'd ;  
 O blind, and ye shall see :  
 Believe, O deaf, and ye shall hear ;  
 O lame, and ye shall flee.

6. Open the Eye of Faith, O Soul,  
 Behold thy glorious Christ ;  
 Who altogether lovely is,  
 As Prophet, King, and Priest.

7. Look Sinners unto Jesus, look  
 With an unveiled Face,  
 And you shall see our Lord for you  
 Fill'd full of Truth and Grace.

8. Glory and Honour to our Lord !  
 Let's honour him by Faith ;  
 Let's without wavering believe,  
 Whate're our Jesus faith.

---

### HYMN XXXVIII.

1. **L**OOK unto Jesus, Sinners look,  
 If you'd Salvation have,  
 Who's God the Saviour, and none else ;  
 It's only he can save.

2. His Righteousness more bright is far,  
 Than Angels Holiness :  
 Our best of Doings are but Rags ;  
 A poor and tatter'd Dres.

3. Christ is our Righteousness and Strength,  
 Him Rock and Fortress call ;  
 Christ our Redemption, Wisdom, Peace ;  
 Christ is our All in All.

4. Our

4. Our mighty King, and Captain too  
His Armies are abroad :  
Be still, O Zion, who leads forth  
These Armies, is thy God.  
5. Sing Hallelujah unto him ;  
His Sword is on his Thigh :  
To him be Honour and Renown,  
And brightest Majesty.

---

## H Y M N XXXIX.

1. SING Hallelujah ! even sing,  
Sing your God's Praise in lasting Verses ;  
You who redeem'd are by his Blood,  
In Zion now his Acts rehearse.  
2. When you were distant from the Lord,  
As wide as Heav'n from Hell doth lie ;  
He then your Sacrifice became,  
And by his Blood he brought you nigh.  
3. The Sword of Vengeance due to you,  
He in his bleeding Sides receiv'd :  
You for eternal Slaughter bound,  
(By dying in your Stead) reliev'd.  
4. When that God's Wrath burn'd down to  
He satisfy'd ; the Father smil'd ; (Hell,  
His Death the Enmity destroy'd,  
God and the Sinner reconcil'd !  
5. Jehovah and his Rebels may  
In a Christ crucified meet :  
O ! let us then throw down our All  
At an Almighty Saviour's Feet.  
God.

6. God is come down into the Camp.

O let the Camp of God be pure ;  
That it the burning Presence of

The Lord of Hosts may now endure.

7. Praise waits for thee in Zion, Lord,

In Judah thy great Name is known ;  
There thou the Giant Unbelief,

And Hosts of Sin, hast overthrown.

### HYMN XL. H

1. **W**HAT Fulness of rich glorious Grace,  
In Christ is to be found !

Look to him Soul ; thou shalt be heal'd,  
Of ev'ry deadly Wound.

2. The Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,  
Dwell in him bodily :

In Jesus Face the Glory shines  
Of all the Deity.

3. Believing Views of Grace in Christ,  
Set weary Souls at Rest.

Set free the Captives, and relieve  
The Troubled and Opprest.

4. Make strong the Weak, cherish the Faint,  
Make glad the mourning Heart,

Soul's Thirst abate, and Hunger break,  
Eases each deadly Smart.

5. Soul's Life create, Sin's Pow'r destroys,  
Lip, Life, and Soul refine ;

They poison Sin, by pouring in  
The Gospel's Cordial-Wine.

6. View

6. View not the Grace in your own Hearts,  
That can't itself uphold :  
Seek ye a risen Christ above,  
The try'd approved Gold.
7. We view our Sin that is within,  
And our inherent Grace ;  
And sin the more, yea, grow more poor ;  
Let's look to Jesus Face.
8. Hail Mighty One, Eternal Son,  
The Glass wherein we view  
The Father's shining Brightness, and  
His glorious Person too.
9. All hail to thee, exalted Prince,  
Our Husband, Brother, Friend ;  
To thee all Honour, Glory, Praise,  
Be Ages without End.

---

### H Y M N XLI.

1. T H' Almighty smil'd upon his Son,  
When he our Peace became :  
God's Wrath doth cease, a lasting Peace,  
Is made 'tween God and Man.
2. O ! What are we, Eternity  
Should chuse us when undone ?  
In its great Thoughts we then had room,  
Else we to Hell had gone.
3. Electing Love, how didst thou move,  
To us in our Distress ?  
No Banks can bound, no Line can sound,  
Thee, Ocean bottomless.

44 *Select HYMNS.* Book I.

4. Our Mounts of Sin can't bound thee in,  
Nor hinder thy Proceed :  
Like *Jordan*, thou didst overflow  
Its mighty Banks with speed.
5. Thus Heav'n shall be eternally  
The Saints Inheritance ;  
With Glories crown'd, for ever drown'd  
In Joys eternal Trance.
6. Then let us, Lord, with one Accord,  
Thy Praises celebrate :  
Praise doth for thee, *O glorious Three*,  
In thy Mount *Zion* wait.
7. Let them that be now sav'd by thee,  
In Soul and Body too,  
To thee repair, God hearing Pray'r,  
With highest Praises now.

---

HYMN XLII.

1. **W**hat mighty Weight of Glory, Lord,  
In Heav'n for Saints prepared is !  
Rivers of Pleasure, endlets Joys,  
What boundlets Ocean of Bliss !
2. No Sin nor Sorrow enters there,  
All Tears from Eyes are wip'd away :  
No shade of Darkness or of Night,  
But all a bright eternal Day.
3. There we shall see as we are seen,  
Appearing in Christ's Glory too,  
Array'd with his most shining Robes,  
His Face we shall for ever view !

4. Poor

## Book I. Select HYMNS. 45

4. Poor Christless Souls, what will you do?  
 You have no Lot nor Portion here :  
 Our pained Bowels yearn for you ;  
 O! come and learn, our Lord to fear.

5. Come join with us in Covenant,  
 Perpetually to serve the Lord,  
 And you shall see yourselves in him,  
 Discharg'd according to his Word.

6. Once we were dead in Sin, as you,  
 But now we are alive in Christ :  
 Come you, take him as we have done,  
 Our glorious Prophet, King and Priest.

7. We that redeem'd are by his Blood,  
 From Nations, Kindreds, Blood and  
 Lets us in Zion Praises give, (Tongues  
 And magnify his Name with Songs.

## HYMN XLIII.

1. Christ is the same as e're he was ;  
 As full of Truth and Grace :  
 There's the same Pity as e're was  
 In his exalted Face.

2. As full of Love as when at first,  
 He undertook for us :  
 He is a God that changeth not,  
 But is for ever thus.

3. As full of Pity to poor Souls,  
 As when he on the Tree  
 Did hang, thy bleeding Sacrifice,  
 And Vengeance bore for thee.

4. Sinners,

4. Sinners, he is as able (now,  
Yea, and as willing to)  
To save you, as when he at first,  
Did Grace proclaim to you.
5. Come, therefore, on his Bowels rowl,  
Behold they yearn for you ;  
His Pity and his Mercy be  
As boundle's as they're true.
6. Give Honour to King Jesus, Saints,  
Honour his Grace and Truth :  
This glorious He, a green Fir-tree,  
Has still the Dew of Youth.

---

## HYMN XLIV.

1. Make good thy Word, O mighty Lord,  
To thy Beloved Son ;  
Take to his Throne thy holy One,  
Our glorious *Solomon*.
2. We sigh to see how all Things be,  
Ev'n in *Emanuel's* Land :  
The Wicked mad, the Righteous sad,  
Whilst thou with-holdst thy Hand.
3. This Morning-Star seems very far,  
This budding Branch to die ;  
This King so crown'd, to be dethron'd,  
This Captain seems to fly.
4. His purchas'd Crown seems tumbling  
This Lion seeks no Prey ; (down,  
Confused, hurl'd, is this mad World,  
Sweet Jesus haste away.
5. Arise,

1. Book I. *Select HYMNS.* 47

5. Arise, O Sun, with Glory run,  
To perfect Noon break forth :  
Make Nations bright, and with thy Light,  
O ! cover all the Earth.

6. Great God of Love, send from above,  
Thy new *Jerusalem* ;  
On Jesus Head, cause thou to spread  
His sparkling Diadem.

7. Hosannahs ! Hallelujahs ring !  
Our Jesus comes apace :  
Bow ev'ry Knee, all Hell shall flee  
From th' Terror of his Face.

8. Flow mighty Hills like Rivers swift,  
And Mountains flee away ;  
A Lamb you'll see a Lion be,  
That riseth to the Prey.

9. With Glory and exceeding Pow'r,  
He on the Clouds doth sit ;  
The Clouds we see, so black that be  
The Dust are of his Feet.

---

H Y M N XLV.

1. L O R D, when thou from Eternity,  
Didst see us float in Sin's Abyss,  
We floated then in thy good Will :  
O ! Was there ever Love like this ?

2. When vile and filthy, thou to us,  
Didst thine eternal Grace encline ;  
When we most hateful were, didst love :  
O ! was there ever Love like thine.

3. Thou

3. Thou took'st us, tho' thou didst foresee  
What odious Rebels we would prove,  
Malicious, foward, obstinate:  
    O ! was there ever such a Love.

4. Must the Eternal swear to us,  
    Thro' Faith we should not Glory miss,  
Must Jesus Death this ratify ?  
    O ! was there ever Love like this.

5. Must God engage by Word and Oath,  
    To make us with his Grace to shine,  
And give us Heaven at the last,  
    O ! was there ever Love like thine !

6. O what is Heaven ! who can tell ?  
    Who can conceive that boundless Bliss ?  
'Tis with Christ's Glory to be drest ;  
    O ! was there ever Love like this.

7. Lord, being amaz'd with thy Love,  
    We do our Admiration raise :  
With boundless Love, astonish'd thus,  
    In our Amazement speak thy Praise !

8. O Hallelujah, Glory, Pow'r,  
    Thanksgiving, Might and Majesty,  
Be now and ever, Lord, by us,  
    And by all thine ascrib'd to thee.

---

### HYMN XLVI.

(*On some VERSES in Isaiah liii.*)

1. **O** UR Jesus pour'd his Soul to Death,  
    And with the Wicked made his Grave;  
The Father pleas'd to crush him thus,  
    That he thereby might Sinners save.

2. There-

2. Therefore he shall prolong his Days,  
Until the Day of Judgment's o're ;  
Then shall he see his num'rous Seed,  
His travelling Soul unto him bore.
3. In that great Host he shall rejoice ;  
And to his Father with Delight,  
Present them there, for to remain  
In his and in his Father's Sight.
4. For he acquitted them from Death,  
And therefore made them to believe ;  
This was his Right to do, because  
He dy'd for them that they might live.
5. Because he weighty Vengeance bore,  
The Father will divide to him,  
A Portion with the great and strong,  
And he shall spoil Death, Hell and Sin.
6. Blest be *Jehovab*, among us,  
A Spoil is giv'n him with the Strong :  
With Joy we witness that our Lord  
Hath had a Portion in this Throng.
7. We hope his greatest Lot's behind,  
His Death and Sufferings for him plead :  
He that did for poor Sinners die,  
Now ever lives to intercede.



## HYMN XLVII.

*A HYMN sung at Mr. B——'s Funeral Sermon, 1 Cor. xv.*

1. **B**lest are the Dead that die in Christ,  
They triumph over Death :  
In falling they do conquer, and  
Live in their latest Breath.
2. How in the Chariot of Free-Grace  
The sav'd One triumph does !  
And when Death strikes him to the Heart,  
O're Death he triumphs thus.
3. O armed Justice, what say'st thou ?  
Death hath no Sting from thee :  
Thou art become my best of Friends,  
Whom Jesus hath set free.
4. O Law of God ! where are thy Swords  
Of Threats and sore Demands ?  
My Jesus Death hath wreted them  
Out of Death's cruel Hands.
5. O Sin ! the bitter Sting of Death,  
Both in its Filth and Guilt :  
My Jesus now destroy'd them quite,  
By th' Blood that he hath spilt.
6. Thou cruel Executioner !  
Vile Satan ! what say'st thou ?  
**I** scorn thy Arts, Threats and Assaults ;  
Thou canst not reach me now.

7. Thou

Book L. *Select HYMNS.* SE

7. Thou Conscience that didst use to smart,  
Thou now art fully eas'd,  
The Storm that troubled thee, now is  
Eternally appeas'd.
8. But oh ! poor Sinners what will you  
Do, when Death comes to give  
The Blow that sends you down to Hell  
Without the least Repriēve ?
9. Death's to the Good an End of Woe,  
But doth your Woe begin ;  
Heaven's Gate to them, but Hell's to you,  
That live and die in Sin.

---

H Y M N XLVIII.

*(On the Second SERMON.)*

**T**HO' the dead Bodies of the Saints  
Thou dost devouring Grave destroy,  
et in the last Day they shall rise ;  
Then Grave where is thy Victory !  
When Sea and Grave must them resign,  
And all their Prisons open fly,  
o let the Dead in Christ rise first :  
Then Grave where is thy Victory !  
Corrupted, droſſy Dust and Clay,  
When first they fall the Tombs them have ;  
hence incorruptible they'll rise :  
Then where's thy Victory, O Grave !

4. Thou dost prepare their Dust to rise,  
Most glorious Bodies bright and free :  
O Grave, is this the worst thou dost ?  
Then Grave where is thy Victory !

5. Thou great Alembic dost distill,  
Frail Mortal Bodies, that they be  
Immortal, glorious, spiritual :  
Then Grave where is thy Victory !

6. True, thou deprivest and deprav'ſt,  
By rotting Sinner's Carcasses ;  
For future Woes and Plagues : We grant  
Thou hast a Conquest over these.

## H Y M N XLIX.

(A PARAPHRASE on Psal. cxiii.)

1. **L**O ! what a pleasant, lovely Sight,  
How full of ravishing Delight,  
Is it, that Children should agree,  
That are of the same Family !

2. 'Tis like the consecrated Oil,  
Rich, precious, of a fragrant Smell,  
That was divinely pour'd and shed  
On the High-Priest's devoted Head ;

3. That smelling sweetly did o'reflow,  
His Garment and his Members too ;  
O're ev'ry Member it did stream,  
And it perfumed every Hem.

4. Th

4. Thus the Communion of the Saints  
Perfumes the Body 'n all its Joints ;  
Supplies and heals, and smooths each Part,  
And eases ev'ry deadly smart.
5. 'Tis like the Dew on *Hermon's* Top,  
That gave a fruitful smiling Crop ;  
And like the Dew on *Zion's* Hill,  
That made it green and grassy still.
6. In *Zion* Blessing's to be had,  
Our Hearts rejoice there, and are glad ;  
There glorious Riches are in store,  
There's giv'n out Life for evermore.

---

### HYMN L.

1. **O** Grace ! recover'd Sinners should  
Than *Adam* happier be ;  
Than *Adam* in his best Estate,  
More glorious and more free.
2. Faith views, obeys, loves and enjoys  
In Christ, the God of Grace,  
Beyond what perfect Reason could,  
When with its clearest Face.
3. Eternal Sovereign, reigning Grace,  
Does elect Sinners lead  
Thro' various Rooms, the Courts of Bliss,  
And Glory for to tread.
4. First in Estate of Happiness,  
In upright *Adam* blest,  
Fill'd with a perfect natural Bliss ;  
But that is not their Rest.

5. Down tumble thence to Sin's Abyss,  
As low as Death and Hell;  
That Grace in raising them from thence,  
Might boundless Worth reveal.

6. Rais'd unto Faith i'th' Wilderness,  
Faith weak, imperfect, faint,  
Mixt with Law, Guilt and Unbelief,  
With Doubting and Complaint.

7. Then to the Canaan of Faith here,  
They pass unto their Rest,  
From thence to th' New *Jerusalem*,  
Whence Tears and Griefs have ceas'd.

8. And having judg'd the World with Christ,  
To Glory have a Call;  
With Christ then swallow'd up in God,  
And God be all in all.

9. Glory and Praise in Christ our Head,  
Be given unto him,  
Whose Love eternal this ordain'd,  
To us when sunk in Sin.

## H Y M N LI.

1. **E**lecting Grace by Justice stopt  
Could not find out a Passage free,  
'Till the Redeemer stepp'd between,  
And that too from Eternity.

2. The Curtains of Election stop'd,  
Finds vent in Jesus wounded Sides;  
The boundless Sea of God-like Love,  
Ov'rflow'd in those blest purple Tides.

3. Grace

3. Grace thro' the Righteousness of Christ  
Must Channels find, e're the Decree,  
Of God's electing inf'nite Love,  
Could perfect and compleated be.
4. Conscience can ne'er be truly eas'd,  
Until Atonement it believes ;  
Nothing can cure its Wounds, but what  
To Justice Satisfaction gives.
5. The Conscience from dead Works alone,  
The Blood of Christ must pacify ;  
The precious Blood o'th' Lamb of God,  
From Guilt and Filth must set us free.
6. *Hosannah !* to the God of Grace,  
*Hosannah !* to the God of Love,  
That thro' his wounded, pierced Son  
Proclaimed such Tidings from above.

---

### HYMN LII.

1. **T**HE Gospel does declare,  
Electing Grace alone,  
That's hid in Christ our great High-Priest,  
Does fit upon the Throne.
2. Our Christ hath dearly bought,  
This Grace, and yet 'tis free ;  
Whatever it our Jesus cost,  
'Tis free for thee and me.
3. Electing Love does you,  
O chosen Ones, embrace !  
Whilst Millions fall on th' Right and Left,  
'Ye saved are by Grace.

4. What Grace is this indeed ?  
 That vilest, poorest We,  
 The most polluted Rebels, sunk  
 In deepest Misery.

5. Should to this high Degree  
 Of Honour chosen be,  
 Vessels of Mercy, to be fill'd  
 With Love eternally.

6. Whilst Sinners more refin'd  
 More wise, rich, mighty all,  
 That might have honour'd Jesus more,  
 Are left to sink i'th' Fall.

7. What Grace distinguishing  
 To me and thee is this !  
 That have found out that Pearl of Price,  
 Which thousands others mis.

8. That we should chosen be,  
 Who might have been as well  
 Of that forlorn and wretched Troop  
 That should have march'd to Hell.

9. When we Salvation view  
 In its Foundation-stone,  
 We're made to cry together, Grace,  
 Yea, Grace, free Grace alone !



## HYMN LIIL

(A HYMN sung on a Day of Thanksgiving,  
set apart by a Church of Christ, to celebrate  
and praise the Lord for his late Favours  
and Mercies unto them.)

1. EXalted Praise in Zion waits,  
For him that loves his Zion's Gates ;  
His Church he values far more than  
The Dwellings of Jerusalem.
2. There he takes up his Resting-place ;  
There he bestows his glorious Grace ;  
There Life and Blessings he commands.  
And there array'd with Glory stands.
3. There he his Name and Glory plac'd,  
His Foot-stool hath with Honour grac'd :  
And there his mighty Horns do spread,  
And's Crown doth flourish on his Head.
4. His House we are, if we hold fast,  
Our Confidence unto the last,  
And firm Rejoycing to the End ;  
Whence still his Blessings down he'll send.
5. It pleas'd our Lord and Master thus,  
To give the Kingdom unto us,  
Who are but low and in distress,  
While shining in his Comeliness.
6. When in the trying Season, we  
Did from his Cause and Banner flee ;  
And many did with Idols join,  
Yet thou took'st Pity upon thine.

58 Select HYMNS. Book I.

7. Tho' great's the Blow that did remove,  
Thy Servant, whom our Souls did love :  
And with fine Wheat had fed us Years,  
That we were sunk in Grief of Fears.
8. Yet tho' the Ship was tost in Storms,  
Our sleeping Lord secur'd from Harms  
And did a gracious Message send,  
That we our evil Ways amend.
9. Then Bone to Bone did come again,  
Thro' all the Visionary Plain ;  
The scattered Members did agree  
To dwell again in Unity.
10. Oh ! boundleſſ Grace that did us know,  
When we were scattered, poor and low :  
His Mercy doth for e're endure,  
Oh, Love eternal, boundleſſ, sure.
11. Another Prophet came again  
With Prophesies a second Time ;  
We shoul'd return and build God's House,  
And he anew woul'd us espouse.
12. The Spirit of our Jesus came  
With that bleſt Word, and did enflame  
Our Hearts with Zeal and holy Trust,  
And made us favour Zion's Dust.
13. We rose to build, and Christ rose too,  
His Goodness before us did flow :  
His Glory did descend upon  
Our Tabernacle, and there shone.
14. To Zion then were great Reforts ;  
And many flock'd unto her Courts :  
The golden Gate stood always ope,  
Then Achor's Valley a Door of Hope.
15. Oh !

15. Oh ! boundless Grace that did us know,  
When we were scatter'd poor and low ;  
His Mercy doth for e're endure :  
Oh, Love eternal, boundless, sure.

16. But then a sudden Cloud arose,  
'Tween Christ and us did interpose :  
A Night comes on, a dawning Day :  
Our Glory soon was snatch'd away.

17. Our Gold grew on a sudden dim ;  
Our Crown of Glory fell by Sin :  
Our Sweet to Gall and Wormwood turn'd,  
And Zion's solemn Meetings mourn'd.

18. Her Paths for the most Part untrod,  
Deserted by an angry God :  
Her Builders fail ; the Work doth cease,  
They sliding were to sinful Ease.

19. The Farwardest began to shrink,  
The Bearers of the Burdens sink :  
We spent our Months, for to complain,  
But then our Lord return'd again.

20. Oh ! boundless Grace that did us know,  
When we were scattered poor and low :  
His Mercy doth for e'er endure,  
Oh, Love eternal, boundless, sure.

21. Then our Beloved came apace  
Into his Garden with his Grace,  
Upon his Bride again to shine ;  
And brings his Honey, Myrrh and Wine.

22. He joyful Messages both bring,  
Makes us of Love and Mercy sing :  
Then various Sinners, a great Train,  
Are to this Zion born again.

23. Now

23. Now Light and Life with Zion's King  
Come to her Songs anew they sing :  
And Zion's Gates are ope again,  
Unto her Flock a numerous Train.

24. Her Converts very bright and fair ;  
Her Stones the beauteous Saphires are :  
The Lord anointed them above,  
Their Fellows, them with Joy and Love.

25. The Lord doth for our Quiet care,  
His Arm too, for us is made bare :  
Though to this Day we do provoke,  
We murmur and we tempt his Stroke.

26. Yet in this *Israel* he dont see  
Perversnes or Iniquity ;  
Clad in the Righteouiness of Christ,  
Our merciful and great High Priest.

27. We further Glory shall behold,  
He'll for our Silver give us Gold.  
We yet shall greater Things receive,  
If we hold on, and do believe.

28. Because of all this mighty Grace,  
At his high Throne and Resting-Place,  
We meet to offer up this Day,  
The Sacrifice of Thanks and Praise.

29. 'Fore him the God of Grace and Love,  
That fits upon the Throne above ;  
That lives and reigns for evermore,  
We prostrate fall now to adore.

30. Worthy's the Lamb upon the Throne,  
That once was slain, that once did moan,  
All Power, Riches, Strength to have,  
All Honour, Glory to receive.

31. O boundless Grace that did us know,  
When we were scatter'd poor and low :  
His Mercy doth for e're endure ;  
Oh, Love eternal, boundless, sure !

---

### HYMN LIV.

1. **L**E T's sing the Praises of the Lamb,  
Whote Blood has made us bright,  
And whose Obedience to the Law  
Has made us perfect white.
2. Yea, we in him more righteous are,  
Then *Adam* e're could be :  
With an Obedience Godlike, he  
Obey'd for thee and me.
3. The Law is fully satisfy'd,  
The Law is honour'd too ;  
Not a meer Man, God-Man obey'd,  
And that was more than due.
4. The Law of Works cannot condemn,  
Not ought of us demand ;  
We give full Satisfaction to't,  
Thro' our Redeemer's Hand.
5. We Righteous are in a Law-sense,  
And therefore justified,  
Our Jesus riten now doth plead  
That once obey'd and dy'd.



SELECT  
H Y M N S.

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The Second Book.

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H Y M N I.

1.  L L ye Serapic Trains above,  
In Silence now remain :  
None can set forth electing  
Love,  
But Jesus that was slain.

2. The Father's Love to Sinners is,  
So great that none can know ;  
Nothing but Jesus crucify'd,  
Electing Love can show.

3. The Brightness of electing Grace,  
We no where else can see,  
But in those purple Streams alone  
Which Jesus bled for me.

4. Come

4. Come Sinners, come, behold what Love,  
Christ's bleeding Sides did run !  
By Faith see Jesus pierc'd for you,  
If you for Sin would mourn.
5. Your Tears like *Mary's* then will flow,  
When Jesus's Wounds you see ;  
You will abhor yourselves and cry,  
Was Jesus pierc'd for me !

---

### H Y M N II.

1. 'T IS finish'd ! cry'd our dying Lord,  
When he hung on the Tree :  
O what a pleasant Sound indeed,  
It finish'd, is to me ?
2. Sin, that was finish'd on the Cross,  
With Christ 'twas crucified ;  
Our Lord did make an End of Sin,  
When on the Cross he dy'd.
3. Wrath, it was also finish'd too  
Upon our Lord, when he  
Did give himself a Sacrifice,  
And nail'd was to the Tree.
4. Yea, Righteousness was finish'd too,  
And was compleated, when  
Our Jesus poured forth his Soul  
For us rebellious Men.
5. 'Tis finish'd, now before the Throne  
Christ's Blood doth pleading cry :  
'Tis finish'd, in the Conscience too,  
It soundeth pleasantly.

6. 'Tis

6. Tis finish'd, is a joyful Sound ;  
 What Tongue can silent be ?  
 Raptures of Praise let's sing always,  
 Our Jesus, unto thee.

---

## H Y M N III.

1. **O** ! Thou art fair my Love, I say  
 There is no Spot in thee :  
 Not only fair, but all fair too,  
 No Spot in thee I see.

2. Whose Voice is this I hear so sweet ?  
 'Tis my Beloved's sure,  
 That tells me I am now so fair,  
 So spotless, and so pure.

3. My Love, 'tis I that tell thee so  
 'Tis thy Beloved's Voice  
 That tells thee thou art now so fair,  
 That thou may'st now rejoice.

4. What did he say, I now am fair ?  
 Alas ! how can it be,  
 That I that nothing am but Spots,  
 Shall now so spotless be ?

5. Sure he doth mean, I shall be so,  
 Not that I now am fair :  
 Can such a vile polluted Wretch  
 Without a Spot appear ?

6. O stay, my Love, and heark to me,  
 I say, thou art fair now ;  
 O stay thy Reasoning awhile,  
 And I will tell thee how :

7. My Love, 'tis I have made thee so,  
My Blood has made thee white ;  
My Righteousness hath thee array'd,  
And made thee daz'ling bright.
8. I in my Body once did bear,  
Thy Sins upon the Tree,  
My standing in thy room and stead  
Hath made thee spotless be.
9. O my Beloved, hold thy Peace,  
Thy Love transporting is :  
O stay me, I am sick of Love ;  
Oh, what a Love is this.
10. What finite Wisdom can conceive,  
What Pen or Tongue can show,  
The vast Dimensions of his Love,  
That in these Streams did flow ?
11. I mean those bleeding purple Streams  
That from Christ's Sides did run ;  
There you may see the Love of Three ;  
And yet these Three are One.

---

#### H Y M N IV.

1. R Ejoyce, ye Saints, in Praises high ;  
Your Robes are fair and white :  
The Lamb presents you evermore,  
To th' Father with delight.
2. Sing therefore ye redeemed Ones,  
His Praises let us show,  
That with his Blood hath made us white,  
Yea, whiter than the Snow.

3. What

3. What Love, our lovely Lord is this  
That in thy Blood doth shine?  
Let's evermore thy Love adore:  
No Love was e're like thine.

4. By Faith let's take a turn about,  
Our bleeding Lord, and see  
What Love his bleeding Sides did run,  
When he hung on the Tree.

5. Let Cherubims and Seraphims,  
That now are round the Throne,  
Salvation sing unto the Lamb,-  
That worthy is alone.

## H Y M N V.

1. **O**UR Surety from Eternity,  
Engag'd himself to pay,  
Our Debts to th' Father to the full,  
At the appointed Day.

2. The Father took our Surety's Word,  
And therefore did set free  
Those Saints that died before our Lord  
Did hang upon the Tree.

3. They were to Glory also gone,  
And there were happy made,  
Before our Lord had of their Debts  
The actual Payment paid.

4. But now in Gospel Days we do  
That glorious Mystery see,  
That all our Debts to th' full were paid  
When Christ hung on the Tree.

5. We

5. We need no Sacrifices bring,  
But th' Sacrifice of Praise,  
In Songs of Triumph we may spend  
Our now remaining Days.

6. For sure it will not now be long,  
E're we our Lord shall see ;  
And evermore our Lord adore,  
When we with him shall be.

---

## HYMN VI.

1. **W**E thro' the Law of Life in Christ,  
From *Moses* are set free ;  
And being dead to th' Law, we live  
That Grace might honour'd be.

2. We cease to work for Life, yet work  
As if we Life should gain :  
We work not 'cause the Law commands,  
Christ's Love doth us constrain.

3. We're drawn to work by th' Law of Love,  
Which gently doth constrain ;  
This makes our Service a Delight,  
Our Labour without Pain.

4. Constraining Grace does set's a work,  
Not Conscience, Rage and Pain :  
We do not work 'cause *Moses* bids,  
But 'cause the Lamb is slain.

5. O Sinners ! would you work aright,  
Come unto Jesus then,  
Who hath o'th' Father Gifts received,  
For us rebellious Men.

6. There's

6. There's Life and Strength in Christ alone,  
Which *Moses* cannot give ;  
Which to the Law will make you dead,  
That you to God may live.

---

## HYMN VII.

1. COME, let us triumph in the Lamb,  
Our Lord that once did die,  
We that believe in Jesus may  
Have everlasting Joy.

2. Come Law of God, what hast thou now  
Of us for to demand ?  
Thy Curses all did meet on Christ,  
That did out Surety stand.

3. Tho' we do Sin thou canst not curse,  
The Curses all did lie  
Upon our bleeding Lord, when he  
Our Sacrifice did die.

4. Come, Justice where is now thy Charge  
What hast thou now to show ?  
We do to thee present the Blood,  
That from Christ's Sides did flow.

5. Thine Arrows all did meet in him,  
When nailed to the Tree :  
Our Lord himself he did become  
A Sacrifice to thee.

6. Vile Satan, where are now thy Bills :  
Our Sins cannot be found,  
The God-like Garment of our Lord,  
Compleatly wraps us round.

7. O Hallelujah to the Lamb,  
That hath now let us free :  
Our Crowns we throw thy Feet below,  
And give the Praise to thee.

---

## HYMN VIII.

1. **W**HAT meaneth this tumultuous Noise  
That in the Nations be ?  
The Lamb is hastning to his Throne,  
We in these Clouds may see.
2. His Chariot-Wheels do come apace ;  
He's hastening on his Way ;  
Come quickly our Beloved, come  
Sweet Jesus, don't delay.
3. Haste, be thou like a Roe or Hart  
That on the Mountains be,  
Until the Day doth clearly break,  
And all the Shadows flee.
4. Thy Love-sick Spouse, Lord, knows not  
Thy Absence thus to bear : - (how  
Thy Presence most delightful is,  
Thou art to us most dear.
5. O ! therefore haste our lovely Lord,  
We long thy Face to see :  
Come swiftly like a Roe or Hart,  
That on the Mountains be.

HYMN

## HYMN IX.

1. ALL the Seraphic Trains above,  
Are stooping down below,  
To learn o'th' Church that Mystery,  
Past Ages did not know.
2. But now the Vail is rent in twain,  
The Myst'ry is unfold'd ;  
Justice and Mercy reconcil'd  
We now by Faith behold.
3. We now in Gospel-Days may go  
Into the Holy Place :  
We in a bleeding Jesus see  
God's reconciled Face.
4. Our Sins past, present, and to come,  
Are now all cover'd o're,  
I'th' Ocean of our Saviour's Blood,  
Where they shall rise no more.
5. To God in our own Nature, we  
In Gospel-Days do go :  
Mount Sinai's Saints did little of  
These glorious Myst'ries know,
6. These Mysteries from Ages past  
Within the Vail were pent ;  
But when our Lord hung on the Cross,  
The Vail in twain was rent.
7. Now glorious Grace unveiled is,  
And in Christ's Face doth shine ;  
There drink may we abundantly,  
Of well-refined Wine.

HYMN

## HYMN X.

1. **T**O him the Lamb upon the Throne,  
Whose Flesh the Godhead fills,  
And all its Rays are there display'd,  
In whom all Fulness dwells.
2. To him that wash'd us in his Blood,  
Let's Praise and Honour sing :  
Let us adore and magnify  
Our great exalted King.
3. Come ye redeemed Ones, found forth  
New Songs of Praise unto  
Him that hath wash'd you from your Sins,  
And made you white as Snow :
4. And now in Robes most richly wrought,  
We to the King are brought,  
Surpassing Angels, that have not  
A Robe so richly wrought.
5. We therefore throw our Crowns below  
That awful Seat and Throne ;  
Singing the Lamb's new Song, and say,  
Thou worthy art alone,
6. All Praise and Honour for to have,  
By us for evermore ;  
Sing Praises therefore to the Lamb,  
And sing for evermore.

## H Y M N XI.

1. COME sing, O ye redeemed Ones,  
To th' Lamb upon the Throne :  
Sound forth the Praises of the Lamb  
The Father's holy One.
2. O ! take a turn by Faith about  
The bleeding Lamb of God,  
O ! see him crying out under  
His Father's heavy Rod.
3. O see him wounded for your Sins ;  
Behold your bleeding Lord  
Receiving in his bleeding Sides,  
The Father's flaming Sword.
4. Look to your pierced Lord, ye Saints,  
Then you indeed shall mourn,  
As one that weepeth bitterly  
As for an only Son.
5. Behold, what Streams of Love did flow  
Thus from your pierced Lord,  
When that the Father did against,  
His Fellow shake his Sword :
6. Which gave the reconciling Blow  
(O here was Love indeed !)  
On him the Victim of our Peace,  
And we thereby were freed.

## H Y M N XII.

1. COME let's our dearest Jesus view,  
That for our Sins was slain ;  
And gave himself for us, that we  
Might with him ever reign.
2. Our dearest Jesus, if a Taste  
Of Love be here so sweet,  
What will it be when we shall with  
Our dear Beloved meet.
3. If now and then a Smile from thee  
Be sweet, that's quickly gone ;  
What will the Sight of Vision be  
That never shall be done ?
4. If we are taken to the Mount,  
One Moment while below,  
If thou the Veil dost draw aside,  
And us thy Glory show.
5. We then cry out, we're sick of Love,  
And with thee long to be :  
O then, how shall we burn with Love  
When Face to Face we see !
6. When Clouds shall interpose no more,  
No Veil shall be between ;  
But we our dearest Lord shall see,  
As we ourselves are seen.
7. And we as reigning Kings and Priests,  
Shall Hallelujah sing,  
For ever to the reigning Lamb,  
Our now exalted King.

8. O now let's sing the Lamb's new Song,  
And also him adore :  
The Day is coming we shall be,  
With him for evermore.

---

## HYMN XIII.

1. **H**OW beautiful upon the Mount,  
Are they that Peace proclaim,  
That unto Rebels offer Grace,  
In their great Master's Name :
2. That unto Captives do declare,  
Glad Tidings and do tell,  
To Sinners there's a Ransom found  
To save their Souls from Hell.
3. Such joyful Tidings do bow down  
Stout sturdy Rebels, and  
Such Love and Grace doth Sinners make  
In Admiration stand.
4. Mount *Sinai*'s fiery Law won't break  
A Heart that's like a Stone ;  
It's flaming Arrows at the Walls  
Of Brafs in vain are thrown.
5. 'Tis only Pardon that doth melt,  
And Love does Sinners draw ?  
'Tis Grace doth quench the Thirst of Sin,  
And not the Threats o'th' Law.
6. What mean such then, that Terror preach,  
And *Sinai*'s Law proclaim,  
Since 'tis not *Sinai*'s fiery Dart,  
Will quench Sin's Rage and Flame.

7. The Message they are sent withal  
 That in Christ Name do go,  
 It is to offer pard'ning Grace,  
 To Sinners while they're so.

---

## HYMN XIV.

1. RISE Zion, shine, thy Light is come,  
 The glorious Day's begun :  
 These Beams we see so bright that be,  
 Dart from the glorious Sun.
2. Of Righteousness, that rising is :  
 The Day doth dawn apace :  
 The Songs of Praise we hear a Days  
 Of Christ and his free Grace,
3. Are Tokens plain the Lamb once slain,  
 Is hastning to his Throne :  
 The Bride doth say, Come haste away  
 My dear beloved One.
4. The Saints rejoice ? The Turtle's Voice  
 Is heard within our Land :  
 The *hundred forty-four Thousand*,  
 Do on Mount Zion stand.
5. And there they sing to Christ their King,  
 Their Songs in such a Strain,  
 That there are none, but those alone  
 For whom the Lamb was slain,
6. Can learn the Songs the Saints do sing :  
 The Song of *Moses* now  
 Is laid aside by the Lamb's Bride,  
 'Cause 'tis a Note too low.

7. Ye taught Ones of the Lord, sing Praise  
 To th' Lamb the Throne upon  
 'Tis only he taught you and me,  
 To sing the Lamb's new Song.

---

## HYMN XV.

1. **O** My Dove, that art in the Clefts,  
   Within the Rocks that be,  
 And in the secret Place o'th' Stairs,  
   Where thou no Night canst see ?
2. Tho' thou art in the Dark, yet I  
   Thy Countenance would see,  
 For it is comely, and thy Voice,  
   Most pleasant is to me.
3. Give me therefore one Look of Faith,  
   My Sister and my Bride,  
 My Love, my Dove, my fair One, that  
   Within the Rocks reside.
4. My Love, my undefiled One  
   Tho' in the Clefts thou art,  
 And in the Dark, one Act of Faith  
   Will steal away my Heart.
5. O ! do not think my Heart is chang'd,  
   I am not like to thee :  
 I lov'd thee so, I dy'd for love,  
   When thou did'st not love me.
6. O hark my Soul ! Whose Voice is this  
   That sounds so pleasantly :  
 It is my Jesus, that did once  
   For such a Rebel die.

7. O Unbelief ! thou Enemy  
What Stories didst thou tell ?  
What Message didst thou bring to me  
Was it not fram'd in Hell ?
8. My Jesus that did bleed for me,  
When I a Rebel was,  
His Heart's the same to me, as when  
He hung upon the Cross.

---

### HYMN XVI.

1. **T**HY Names, O Jesus ! pleasant are,  
Like Ointment poured forth :  
It is by Christ alone, that we  
Delivered are from Wrath.
2. Jesus, his Name is called, and  
It hath a pleasant Sound ;  
'Cause he doth save us from our Sins,  
And our Rebellions drown.
3. His Name the Lord our Righteousness ;  
That hath a pleasant Sound ;  
That Garment covers all our Spots,  
That Robe does wrap us round.
4. His Name our Advocate, also  
That soundeth pleasantly ;  
'Cause he doth live to intercede  
That once for us did die.
5. His Name our Passover, also  
That sacrificed was,  
Is pleasant, 'cause his Blood be'ng seen,  
Justice doth o're us pass.

Select HYMNS. Book II.

6. Like precious Ointment also is,  
His Name a Stone that's try'd ;  
A precious Stone ; thus Jesus is  
That for poor Sinners dy'd.

---

HYMN XVII.

1. **O** Worthy is the Lamb of God  
To be exalted in  
The Hearts of the redeemed Ones,  
'Cause he saves them from Sin.
2. His Righteousness reveal'd unto  
The Soul, doth Sin destroy ;  
And Jesus Death i'th' Conscience is  
Sin's Death immediately.
3. When Christ within the Soul (where Sin  
Did reign) his Grace displays ;  
Pardoning Grace doth Sin displace,  
By its bright glorious Rays.
4. This glorious Son doth rule among  
(By Righteousness) his Foes ;  
This Lamb that's slain, destroys Sin's Reign,  
And all that him oppose.
5. O Grace ! rich glorious Grace indeed,  
Must Jesus Death destroy  
My Lust and Sin that reign within ?  
O Grace ! reign gloriously.

HYMN

## HYMN XVIII.

1. IN Christ we Sin do overcome ;  
Such Sights do Sin destroy :  
Pardoning Grace in Jesus Face  
Doth fill the Soul with Joy.
2. These Sights of Sin that we see in,  
The Blood of Christ doth give,  
New Strength unto the Soul to go  
To Christ, and so to live.
3. By th' Life of him that conquered Sin,  
And did the Vict'ry gain :  
Therefore away and do not stay,  
To th' Lamb that once was slain.
4. Thus Christ revealed the Conscience in,  
Destroys the Pow'r and Throne,  
Of Sin, that had usurp'd within,  
Where Christ should reign alone.
5. Come Saints, go forth with Courage then,  
Your Lord hath got the Day ;  
And Sin hath slain, that Grace might reign  
Within your Souls alway.

---

## HYMN XIX.

1. BRIGHT burning Beams of Gospel-Grace  
Haste Lord for to display,  
For to burn up in all thy Saints  
Their Stubble, Wood and Hay.

E 4. 2. Break

2. Break forth, O Sun of Righteousness !  
 Unto the perfect Day ;  
 Haste Holy One unto thy Throne,  
 Our Jesus haste away.

3. But oh ! who may abide that Day,  
 When Zion's King shall reign ;  
 Who may abide when he the Pride  
 Of all proud Flesh will stain.

4. Tremble ye careless Ones that are  
 At Ease in Zion, and  
 Wonder, and stay because that Day  
 Is very near at hand.

5. It now doth dawn, this glorious Morn,  
 Beginning is t' appear ;  
 What do mean else these Lowings, and  
 These Bleatings we do hear ;

6. The Saints do sing to Christ their King,  
 Whilst others rage with Pain.  
 Because o'th' bright, and daz'ling Light,  
 O'th' Lamb that once was slain.

7. Redeemed Ones sing Praises, for  
 This Fire's but to try  
 And purge your Dross, that by its Loss  
 Christ may you purify.

---

## H Y M N XX.

1. **T**HE Lamb of God is Zion's King ;  
 In Righteousness he reigns :  
 Sing Praises therefore, all ye Isles,  
 Sound forth triumphant Strains.

2. O Isles break forth in Praises high,  
Your crowned King doth reign  
Both King of Heaven, Earth, and Hell,  
Because he once was slain.
3. He reigns in Heav'n gloriously :  
To th' Lamb, Salvation !  
Is founded forth continually  
By th' Angels round the Throne.
4. This Lamb doth also reign on Earth,  
The Saints do Praises sing ;  
The Isles do found the Praises of  
Zion's exalted King.
5. The Hay and Stubble of the Saints  
Consum'd shall be away,  
When this bright Sun of Righteousness  
Breaks forth to perfect Day.
6. O Hallelujah ! let the Isles  
Sing unto Zion's King ;  
That unto them, Salvation  
Through Righteousness doth bring.

## HYMN XXI.

1. COME Saints, and view eternal Love  
In its bright glorious Reign !  
O see its Rays and bright Displays  
I' th' Lamb when he was slain.
2. The Deluge of electing Grace,  
Was broken up indeed,  
And like an Ocean did run  
Through Christ when he did bleed.

3. Infinite true, almighty too,  
Grace then appear'd to be ;  
By conquering Law, Hell, and Sin,  
When Christ hung on the Tree.

4. Mount *Sinai*'s fiery Curses all  
Come smoaking on our Lord ;  
But Grace's Reign the Curse hath slain  
And snatch'd away the Sword.

5. Of Justice, that so bright did flame,  
No Sinner might come nigh :  
But Grace did ope the Heart of Christ,  
And quench'd it presently.

6. Like *Sampson*'s Cords, our Sins did bind  
Our Jesus to the Tree :  
But Grace like Fire consum'd them all,  
And set our *Sampson* free.

7. O Silence Men, and Angels too !  
What Grace is none can tell ;  
Nothing but Jesus Blood can speak  
Electing Language well.

## HYMN XXII.

1. COME let us praise Electing Grace ;  
That chose us when undone,  
That did delight to make us bright,  
And therefore gave his Son.

2. To spill his precious God-like Blood,  
To purge us from all Stain ;  
And make us Kings, and Priests to God,  
That we might with him reign.

3. How

3. How did electing Love display  
Its Royal Scepter in  
The Blood of Christ, our great High Priest  
When he atton'd for Sin !
4. Oh Grace, rich, glorious Grace, indeed !  
That delug'd forth so free ;  
Thro' those bright purple Streams that ran  
From Christ when on the Tree.
5. Come Saints, and view your pierced Lord  
That you may mourn indeed :  
Oh ! see what Streams of Love did flow,  
Through Christ when he did bleed.
6. Then you ashamed shall be, and loath  
Yourselves for what you've done ;  
Beholding th' Father reconcil'd  
To you, through's only Son.
7. And Sinners if you'd mourn aright,  
Look to the Lamb that's slain ;  
Where'er for Mourning else you look,  
Your looking is in vain.

---

### HYMN XXIII.

1. **T**HE Lord doth *Zion* found ;  
Her Building must be strong :  
*Jebovab* is her Righteousness,  
God's her Salvation.
2. The Lord her Stones hath laid  
In Colours that are fair :  
And her Foundations also  
Of polish'd Saphires are.

3. *Jerusa-*

3. *Jerusalem* is built  
With Towers all around :  
We'll tell the Nations Messengers  
The Lord doth *Zion* found.
4. God in her Palaces,  
Is known a Refuge strong ;  
A Cup shall she of Trembling be  
The Nations among.
5. All that against her fight,  
Weary themselves in vain ;  
For in Mount *Zion* gloriously  
King Jesus he doth reign.
6. Therefore in *Judah's* Land,  
We have this pleasant Song ;  
We have a City very sure,  
God's her Salvation.
7. No Violence shall more  
Be heard at all in thee :  
The Sons of those that did oppose  
Shall bended Suppliants be.
8. They that despis'd thee too,  
Shall at thy Feet bow down,  
And call thee by *Jehovah's* Name,  
Because of thy Renown.
9. The Sun shall be no more  
By Day to thee a Light ;  
*Jehovah* he thy Light shall be,  
Thy God, thy Glory bright.
10. Thou in *Jehovah's* Hand,  
Shalt be a precious Gem ;  
Yea, thou shalt be eternally  
A Royal Diadem.

11. Forsaken thou shalt not  
 At all for ever be ;  
 Because *Jehovab* doth rejoice,  
 Thy God doth joy in thee.

12. Therefore the Nations all  
 Shall smitten be with Fear :  
 Because *Jehovab-Shammah* is  
 Her Name, the Lord is there.

---

## HYMN XXIV.

1. **W**HY should the Nations angry be ?  
 What Noise is this we hear ?  
 The Gospel takes away their Gods,  
 And that they cannot bear.

2. The Exaltation of the Lamb,  
 Whose Glory's shining forth,  
 Hath these tumultuous Noises made  
 And made the People wrath.

3. The Saints begin to speak in such  
 An Evangelick Strain ;  
 The Conscience of the Pharisee  
 It fills with Rage and Pain.

4. The *bundred forty-four Thousand*  
 In such a Strain do sing,  
 That none but the redeemed Ones,  
 Can touch upon that String.

5. The Work-monger he wonders why  
 The Saints do always sing,  
 And cannot bear their Triumph 'cause  
 It doth his Conscience sting.

6. Come

6. Come Saints, strike up your Songs of Praise  
 Tho' Men and Devils join;  
 The Scribe and Pharisee also  
 Together do combine.

7. It's all in vain, the Lamb is slain,  
 And lives for evermore:  
 We therefore sing unto our King,  
 And always him adore.

---

## H Y M N XXV.

1. Sinners are sav'd alone by Grace,  
 And Works excluded be;  
 Come Sinner, therefore come to Christ,  
 His Robe will cover thee.

2. Thou need'st not bring Price in thy Hand  
 Thy Works must not come in,  
 Christ's Robe alone will hide thy Spots  
 And cover all thy Sin.

3. What tho' thy Sins be very great,  
 And of the deepest Dye?  
 There is no perishing for thee,  
 If thou to Jesus fly.

4. Sinners, have you a mind to Christ,  
 O make a match with him?  
 Come then, tho' nothing in yourselves,  
 Ye have but Lusts and Sin.

5. God in the Gospel offers Grace  
 To th' worst of Sinners still;  
 His Royal Proclamation is,  
 That whosoever will.

6. Let

6. Let him come drink of pard'ning Grace,  
To quench Sin's fiery Rage :  
Come taste how gracious he is,  
This will your Thirst asswage.

7. And when you see God reconcil'd,  
You'll see your Sins aright !  
Free Grace will make Sin to appear,  
More odious in your Sight.

## HYMN XXVI.

1. O GOD of Grace ! In Jesus Face  
We see thee reconcil'd,  
Thy Wrath him broke, he bore the Stroke  
On us our Father smil'd.

2. What boundless Love's the Father's Love  
No Tongue can it express ;  
No Angel can this Mystery scan  
To Sinners in distres.

3. What strange prodigious Thing is this,  
(We can't conceive't aright)  
That God should bruise his only Son  
To do his Justice right.

4. O what is Sin ! There's none can tell  
But God that's Infinite ;  
That God was pleas'd to crush his Son  
That was his Soul's Delight.

5. How stor'd with Love's the Heart of  
To Sinners here below, (Christ  
That he should thus degrade himself,  
And Vengeance undergo.

6. How

6. How large with Love's the Heart of  
His Soul was straitened ; (Christ  
'Till he had laid the Ransom down,  
And all was finished.

7. What ready Way t' th' Father now,  
Is made by Jesus Christ !  
Continually he's on the Throne,  
Our interceding Priest.

8. Therefore do we continually  
From Time to Time again,  
Ascribe always, Blessing and Praise,  
For evermore, *Amen.*

## HYMN XXVII.

1. **O**UR Jesus is that tender Plant  
That springs from highest Ground ;  
Tho' *Adam's* dead, Christ is our Head  
In whom our Fruit is found.

2. Our Jesus is a green Fir-Tree ;  
Come let's sit down, and rest  
Under his Shade : How pleasant is  
His Fruit unto our Taste.

3. How pleasant is his Shade to us ?  
He always us relieves ;  
His Fruit doth shelter, wrap us round,  
Not like to *Adam's* Leaves.

4. Come ! this is not forbidden Fruit ;  
No, no, you need not fear :  
'Tis Jesus that doth bid you eat :  
The Serpent is not here.

5. Our

Our Jesus is our green Fir-Tree,  
In him our Fruit is seen ;  
In him our Fruit doth ne'er decay,  
In him we're always green,

5. The Wind that bloweth where it lists,  
Doth now begin to blow ;  
Hark ! how the South-Wind shakes the  
And makes it fall below. (Fruit,

7. Poor Sinners now begin to see  
The Beauty of the Plant ;  
They see in him, laid up for them  
Whatever they do want.

8. Hark Saints ! what Sinners say of him,  
How they are by him mov'd :  
As th' Apple-tree among the Trees,  
So is our Dear-belov'd.

9. Oh Sinners ! Tell us what you ail,  
What makes you thus to cry ;  
Our Jesus was not us'd to be  
So pleasant in your Eye.

10. He's brought us to his Banquet-house,  
To Grace he's brought us too ;  
His Banner over us was Love ;  
We know not what to do.

11. The Love of Jesus is so strong,  
Our Heart, our Bowels move ;  
Stay us with Flaggons our Belov'd ;  
We're sick of Love, of Love.

12. Blest be the Lamb for evermore,  
The Lamb upon the Throne :  
Oh ! Blessed be our green Fir-Tree,  
In whom's our Fruit alone.

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## HYMN XXVIII.

1. **H**OW reigning Grace began to reign  
From all Eternity ;  
And we the Subjects must be made  
Of it ; Why we ? oh why !
2. Who was before Eternity  
To hinder Grace to reign,  
Or hinder God to send his Son  
Us to redeem again ?
3. Who spoke one Word when Jesus said,  
*I come to do thy Will ;*  
Who him oppos'd when he came down  
His God-like Blood to spill ?
4. When thus our Jesus came on Earth  
To die, who hindered him ?  
Tho' Men and Devils all did cry,  
Away, away with him.
5. Indeed when Death took hold of him,  
The Grave it brought him to,  
Two Days it held him in its Bonds,  
The third it let him go :
6. Oh ! How did Men and Devils strive  
To get his Body dead ?  
The Devil bruising of his Heel,  
Hath got a broken Head.
7. Tho' Men his bloody Murtherers  
Who did him crucify,  
Who with the Spear did pierce his Side,  
Yet they were sav'd thereby.

8. Oh Law of Sin ! what hast thou got ?

O Satan ! what hast thou ?

Free reigning Grace thro' Righteousness  
Was glorify'd by you.

9. Altho' we fell as low as Hell,

From thence we are made free :

He broke the Bars of Death and Hell

And thus escap'd are we.

10. Sinners it's but a Folly then

To turn away your Face,

You'll certainly be overcome,

If once you deal with Grace.

11. Who'll hinder then when Jesus calls ?

What Devil will be there,

That can us hinder, when we mount

To meet the Lord i'th' Air ?

12. Let's sing to th' Honour of his Grace,

By which with Christ we reign,

When Jesus comes the second Time,

We'll rite and sing again.

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## HYMN XXIX.

1. O Wounding Commendation !

God did commend his only Son,

That we might reconciled be,

And thro' his Wounds made nigh to thee.

2. Thou wicked Rebel was't the Man,

Which caus'd the Sword which Justice ran

Into his Godlike Side, to miss

Thine own, and pointed be at his.

3. But

3. But Love to us did make him cry,  
While in this bitter Agony,  
I am to be baptiz'd for some,  
Oh, how I long to have it done !
4. O Love ! O Lamb ! we've seen thee bleed,  
Our Pardons in thy Wounds we read,  
And on thy Heart Love ! Love ! we 'spy  
In Characters of Purple Dye.
5. Oh Love ! oh Grace ! oh boundless Love  
'Twas it that did our Jesus move :  
And Love will draw, Grace will constrain  
To love our loving Lord again.
6. Amazing, melting, wounding Love !  
Attracting, blazing from above ;  
Amazing Love our Souls has drown'd,  
They're scarcely in our Bodies found.
7. Oh ! let's lift up our dazled Eyes,  
To this amazing Sacrifice.  
The Lamb once stain is now above,  
And cloathed with eternal Love.
8. Honour, and Glory, and Renown,  
Be to the Lamb upon the Throne,  
That once did die, that once was slain,  
That we might with him ever reign.

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### H Y M N XXX.

1. Behold th' Attonement's offer'd now,  
The Priest with Blood is gone  
In th' Holy Place, and there appears  
To keep Possession.

2. Hark !

II. Book II. *Select HYMNS.* 93

Hark ! how the Jubilee-trumpet sounds,  
Which doth to us proclaim,  
We can't sell our Inheritance  
It come to us again.

The Lot of our Inheritance  
Is ours, and most secure ;  
The Testament is writ, and seal'd  
With Blood of Jesus sure.

You that have sold your Heritage  
For Want, or Poverty,  
Come to your Lands, they are your own  
This is the Jubilee-cry.

Ye Captive Bond-slaves, come away,  
That sold yourselves for nought ;  
The Jubilee found, Ye are set free,  
Ye're not your own, ye're bought.

Honour and Glory be to him,  
Who doth for us appear ;  
Let's always sing, and rest in him ;  
This is the Jubilee-Year.

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HYMN XXXI.

O Boundless, boundless Love !  
Our Father did command,  
Which in himself was found alone,  
Did not on us depend.

O independent Love !  
Oh, rich electing Grace !  
Which was hid in our Father's Heart,  
Seen in our Jesu's Face.

3. Oh

3. Oh Love unchangable !  
    Oh Grace to such as we !  
Which no Respect to Persons had,  
    Tho' we polluted be.
4. What kind of Love is this,  
    Which thro' our Jesus flows !  
Thus boundless Love God from above  
    To us vile Rebels shows.
5. O Love ! Eternal Love !  
    Who can thy Bands untie ?  
The sacred Dove says we are lov'd  
    To all Eternity.
6. We shall rest in this Love,  
    Where'er we come or go :  
His Mercies sure, do yet endure ;  
    Let the Redeem'd say so :
7. Alluring Love indeed !  
    When we are brought so nigh,  
To thrust our Hands in Jesus Wou  
    Our Father's Love to spy.
8. Oh ! Soul-amazing Love !  
    Which melts our Hearts indeed ;  
Oh ! our Beloved we are sick,  
    Thy Love does so exceed.
9. Oh ! melting Love indeed,  
    Oh bleeding Love ! oh Grace !  
Love's broken thro' our Jesus Sides,  
    Each Drop of Blood cries Peace.
10. Where is that stony Heart  
    That will forbear to break ;  
If hard'ned we should silent be,  
    Sure Rocks would melt and speak.

1. We love to hear of Love,  
Because he's loving been,  
And this did dearly manifest  
In blotting out our Sin.
2. Oh Love ! alluring Love,  
Oh, melting Love indeed !  
Oh Love, returning Love ! we'll come,  
We'll follow thee with Speed.

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### H Y M N XXXII.

1. **H**ERE's a Physician indeed !  
His Life he layeth down,  
His Heart's Blood he hath poured forth  
To heal his Patient's Wound.
2. He knows the Sinner's Sicknes, that  
Comes to him for Relief ;  
He knows all our Infirmities,  
For he hath borne our Grief.
3. What Love like this ! what Love like this !  
Nothing can do us good ;  
Nothing can heal us of our Wounds,  
But our Physician's Blood.
4. To cure poor Sinners Sickneses,  
Must the Physician bleed ?  
Must our Physician's Heart's Blood run ?  
Oh bloody Cure indeed !
5. Look Sinners, don't you Jesus see  
Turning himself about ;  
Saying, Who is't that touched me ?  
For Vertue is gone out.

6. You

6. You that have touch'd his Robes to Day  
 Cry out, 'Tis me, 'tis me,  
 Behold, he saith, *Be of good cheer,*  
*Thy Sins forgiven be.*

7. Let's praise our great Physician then,  
 Who thus for Sinners stood ;  
 Who writ our Pardons by his Death,  
 And seal'd them with his Blood.

## H Y M N   XXXIII.

1. WHO shall ascend the Hill of Faith,  
 The Holy Hill of God ?  
 Who shall be worthy there to stand,  
 And there to have abode ?

2. It shall be he, says Justice then,  
 Whose Heart and Hand is pure :  
 He shall ascend on high, yea, and  
 Receive the Blessing sure.

3. Lift up your Heads, says Jesus then,  
 Ye everlasting Doors  
 Stand open wide for me and mine  
 For I have paid their Scores.

4. Whatever thou requir'st of them  
 I have it here to pay  
 Lift up ye Doors, I'll enter in  
 Come lift them up, I say.

5. Who is that King, says Justice then ?  
 Who is't that is so bold ?  
 No Sin shall ever enter in,  
 That I'm resolv'd of Old.

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6. It is King Jesus, then saith Grace,  
Of Heaven and Earth the Lord ;  
Yet freely gave his God-like Breast  
Unto thy flaming Sword.

7. 'Tis he of whom thou didst require  
His Blood, yea, hadst thy Fill,  
And now demands Possession  
For his, of Zion's Hill.

8. Is this the King ? He shall come in ;  
Let Justice Mercy kiss ;  
Now I am fully satisfy'd,  
I'll plead for him, and his.

9. The Voice cries out a second Time  
To Sinners yet in Sin,  
Be listed up ye Doors and let  
The King of Glory in.

10. Who is that King of Glory great ?  
The Sinner's Heart replies :  
Who's this that speaks with such Command  
Saying, Ye Doors arise ?

11. It's thy related Lord and King  
Which once was slain for thee,  
And now is rose again, and cries,  
My Sister ope to me.

12. Must I stand knocking here without ?  
What stony Heart hast thou,  
To let me waiting be until  
My Head is fill'd with Dew ?

13. I'll put my Finger at the Door,  
I'll stand no more without :  
Now I am in, I'll tell my Queen  
Thy Sins I've blotted out.

F

14. This

14. This King of Glory let's exalt,  
Who is ascended high ;  
By whose Ascension we shall have  
O're Death the Victory.

### HYMN XXXIV.

1. WHEN we were far estrang'd from  
And cast out of his Sight ; (God,  
God plac'd the flaming Sword o'th' Law  
To guard the Tree of Life.
2. But Jesus being one of us,  
And of the Seed of Man ;  
To get eternal Life for us  
Upon the Sword he ran.
3. Awake, O Sword ! thus saith the Lord  
Against the Man like me :  
If thou wilt take Eternal Life  
Thy Heart's Blood I must see.
4. Thus Jesus did receive the Blow  
Into his glorious Side ;  
His Wounds and Blood have closed up  
Our Enmity so wide.
5. The Gates of Heav'n are opened wide  
Now Sinners may come in,  
For God to them is reconcil'd  
All by the Blood of him.
6. The Sinner reconciled too  
By Grace must be intic'd ;  
For God to them is reconcil'd,  
By the rich Blood of Christ.

7. Com

Come forth, ye Prisoners of Hope,  
 Come forth, be not afraid ;  
 The Blood of Christ has made you right,  
 And all your Debts hath paid.

Hark ! hark ! what God the Father says,  
 The Sinner to entice,  
 Peace, Peace to them that are far off,  
 All by the Blood of Christ.

Hark ! how the Blood of Christ cries Peace  
 I'th' Sinners Conscience too ;  
 When all your Works' will bring no Peace  
 The Blood of Christ will do.

What tho' the Sinner be far off,  
 By his rebellious Sin,  
 The Place were Jesus Blood came out  
 The Sinner may come in.

Honour to him, who unto God  
 Hath made us Kings and Priests,  
 We once far off, are now made nigh  
 By th' Blood of Jesus Christ.

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### HYMN XXXV.

O 'Mazing Wisdom, and Decree !  
 That God's permissive Will should be  
 To let us fall as low as Hell,  
 Altho' he loved us so well.  
 O glorious, dazzling, reigning Grace !  
 Which shineth through our Jesus Face,  
 While we be all condemn'd to die,  
 Then reigning Grace does justify.

100 *Select H Y M N S.* Book II.

3. O glorious Will immutable !  
When we deserve no less than Hell,  
Rais'd from a Dunghill to a Throne,  
Accepted through this Grace alone.

4. To glorify free reigning Grace,  
Thine Image Satan must deface :  
What Grace was here ? Our Image is  
Made more conformable to his.

5. No Change can happen to us now,  
In Adam this we did not know ;  
In dying now we do not die,  
But die to live eternally.

6. O height of Love ! why we ! why we !  
Why should we be thus sav'd by thee :  
Oh depth of Love ! what Tongue can tell  
He sav'd us when as low as Hell.

7. O breadth of glorious pard'ning Grace !  
It is as large as e're it was :  
O length of Grace ! resolvedly  
To love us from Eternity.

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H Y M N XXXVI.

1. **H**OW blessed are the called Ones,  
T' th' Marriage of the Lamb !  
By eating of his parched Flesh  
They shall for ever stand.

2. His Heart and Soul they were the Price  
By which we purchas'd be  
And now he'll keep his Marriage-feast  
With such poor Dust as we.

3. O

Oh ! stand not knocking at the Door,  
 But break it open wide :  
 Come in our Jesus, feast with us  
 Thy undefiled Bride.

Why stand'st thou knocking at the Door ?  
 Why knockest thou to Day ?  
 Why wouldst thou have the Upper-room ?  
 Lord what hast thou to say ?  
 I would come in to solemnize,  
 And celebrate with thee  
 thy Marriage-Covenant and Feast ;  
 My Dove, oh, ope to me !  
 Is this the Thing why thou'dst come in ?  
 We can't bear thy Complaint :  
 my Love, my Choice, is this thy Voice ?  
 Our Souls are like to faint.

O Lord come in ; thy Finger's in ;  
 We feel our Locks to move,  
 we've heard thee say, Love come away  
 My Sister, and my Dove.

Come in thy Room thou bruised Lamb ;  
 Tell us of Love to Day ;  
 we Wrath thou'st born and undergone,  
 Oh ! Tell thy Dallilah.

Come with me then, my Love, my Dove,  
 Come view the cursed Tree,  
 me view the Cross, see where I lost  
 All my Heart's Blood for thee.

Come view my pierced wounded Hands  
 My bruised Sides come see,  
 Feet that trip't o'er Hills to bring,  
 Tydings of Joy to thee.

11. Why should thy cursed Unbelief  
 Bring me again to die ;  
 Do but believe, and I am thine  
 To all Eternity.

## H Y M N XXXVII.

1. J E S U S our Shepherd's here to Day,  
 He in his Fold is come,  
 To take the weak Lambs in his Arms,  
 And feed the Ewes with young.
2. Altho' the weak Ones go astray,  
 They are yet dear to him,  
 Because the Father on him lay  
 The Guilt of every Sin.
3. The strong Ones he enables more :  
 The weak that are behind  
 He takes up in his Bosom, and  
 Their Wounds and Bruises binds.
4. The Lambs are in their Jesus Arms,  
 They hear his Bowels sound ;  
 He keeps them close from any Harms :  
 Their Hands are in his Wounds.
5. They are so near unto his Heart,  
 He hears their Cry and Moan ;  
 His Bowels answer them, *My Grace*  
*Sufficient is alone.*
6. They will not keep i'th' Bonds of Grace  
 Nor by the Waters clear ;  
 But stray in the forbidden Grounds  
 Of Doubting and Despair.

7. He brings them back again, and makes  
Himself a Wall about ;  
Salvation Banks on ev'ry Side,  
They may no more go out.

8. Their Pasture's green and flourishing ;  
For Grace doth ne're decay :  
They cannot want, or hungry be,  
Except they go astray.

9. They that are weak, and cannot go,  
They may lie down and rest,  
Solace themselves in Pastures green,  
And eat where they like best..

10. With eating they grow quick and strong,  
They get the Feet of Hinds ;  
So they become the foremost Sheep,  
And go no more behind.

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### HYMN XXXVIII.

1. **O**UR Father from Eternity  
Did see us in our Sin,  
His boundless Grace did move him so  
He call'd his Son to him.

2. Come, my Delight, my Glory bright,  
My Wrath thou must remove ;  
There is a Company of Men  
Whom I do dearly love.

3. Now for Exchange, thou needs must  
And take their Sins on thee ; (change,  
Thy Righteousnes, thy Merits shall  
To them imputed be.

4. Then said the Son, 'Tis done, 'tis done!  
I come to do thy Will;  
E're I will fail a Jot thereof  
My dearest Blood shall spill.

5. How did the Lord delight to see  
Th' Obedience of his Son?  
How smiled he his Soul to see  
A Sacrifice become!

6. How pleas'd was he his Son to see  
A bearing of the Wood  
Smil'd at the Wounds from whence ran down  
His reconciling Blood.

7. At length he smil'd, when reconcil'd,  
Looks on his bruised Son;  
Holds out his Hand to Bankrupt Man,  
And cries, 'Tis done! 'tis done.

8. Now God and Man is reconciled,  
The Enmity is done,  
And meet before the Sacrifice  
Of Peace, his bruised Son.

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### H Y M N XXXIX.

1. **W**Hoſe Body's this that's taken down  
From off the cursed Tree?  
How comes it to be drench'd in Blood,  
And full of Wounds to be?

5. Our dearest Jesus we would know,  
Why for us thou didſt die?  
Why lay thy Body roll'd in Blood?  
Q. tell us! tell us why!

3. O wouldſt

3. O wouldst thou know, my Love, my  
Why I hung on the Tree ; (Dove,  
I'll tell thee why I had these Wounds,  
And bruised was for thee :
4. Thou say'st thou'rt sick of Love ; but  
Is all this Love of thine (what  
Compar'd to me ? Thy greatest Love  
Is nothing unto mine.
5. My boundless Love to thee hath been  
So cruel unto me ;  
Yea, my Affections were so strong  
I dy'd with Love for thee.
6. Had'st thou but heard how hard I begg'd  
The Father once for thee ;  
I would not be deny'd but cry'd,  
My Father give her me.
7. My bloody Body testifies  
Of boundless Love and Grace :  
I will uphold thy Patience,  
Till thou haft run thy Race.

**H Y M N XL.**

1. **H**EAR now ye Rebels, saith the Lord,  
Must I my Justice take in Hand ?  
Must I go smite the Rock for you  
With Law, which did you all condemn ?
2. My Wrath and Indignation  
Which by this Sin was due to thee,  
I have laid upon Christ my Son ;  
Did ever any love like me ?

3. I've testify'd my boundless Love  
In smiting of my Son for thee ;  
Behold, behold, Rebels behold,  
Did ever any love like me ?
4. Nothing but th' Blood of my dear Son,  
Could take the Guilt of Sin from thee :  
It was for thee his Heart's Blood ran ;  
Did ever any love like me ?
5. The Streams of Love which flow thro'  
Shall never leave, but follow thee (him)  
Thro' all this Desert Wilderness ;  
O Love, who ever lov'd like me ?
6. Tho' thou should'st turn to *Sinai's* Mount,  
To Bondage and Legality ;  
My Grace shall bring thee back again,  
For never any lov'd like me.
7. Altho' thro' Pride thou should'st rebel  
Against me in a high Degree,  
My streaming Love shall cover all :  
O Love, who ever lov'd like me ?
8. When thou art in Desertion's deep,  
Pretending great Humility ;  
My streaming Love shall flow down there  
For never none did love like me.
9. My streaming Love shall ne'er turn back  
But follow streaming after thee,  
Whilst thou art overcome with Love,  
And cry, Who ever lov'd like thee.
10. O Love ! When shall I see the Rock,  
From whence this Love streameth to me,  
This streaming Love doth make me long  
To see him, who so loved me.

## HYMN XLI.

1. LET us behold our great High Priest,  
When in the World he came,  
Tempted in all Things like to us,  
That he might know our Frame.
2. Think it not strange, tho' 'ntic'd to doubt  
Of your Adoption,  
He tempted was to doubt that he  
Was not his Father's Son.
3. Ye fainting Souls, why do you fear ?  
Or wherefore do you doubt ?  
Has not the Blood of Jesus ran ?  
Your Sin is blotted out.
4. Would you have Jesus die again ?  
No he need die no more ;  
His Blood has crost out all the Debt  
That stood on Justice Score,
5. Why need we grieve the Heart of Christ,  
And put him to such Pain ?  
As if there were Necessity  
For him to bleed again.
6. O give not place to Unbelief,  
Altho' we often fall ;  
For were there need he'd bleed again ;  
But there is none at all.
7. God sees no Sin to lay on him ;  
The Law can take no Place ;  
Justice is fully satisfy'd :  
Witness his marred Face.

8. Honour

8. Honour to him that made us rich,  
 And made himself so poor ;  
 Pardon our Sin of Unbelief,  
 And let us doubt no more.

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## H Y M N XLII.

1. **T**o us a Child is born,  
 A Son is given free :  
 Wonderful, Counsellor he is  
 Mighty to save is he.
2. To testify his Love  
 Our Flesh he putteth on :  
 Born of a Woman Jesus was,  
 And yet God's only Son.
3. He bore the heavy Stroke  
 Of Wrath due unto Sin ;  
 The Cup of Indignation he  
 Drank off full to the Brim.
4. He took our Flesh on him,  
 That sympathize he may  
 In all our Troubles, Sorrows, Wants ;  
 Free Grace he still displays.
5. Was ever Love like this !  
 Jesus should thus provide  
 Such Streams of Love, and Grace, and  
 'The Channel in his Side !' (make
6. Behold how he reveals,  
 O Sinner, this to thee ;  
 Thou must believe, accept, receive ;  
 Not buy, for Grace is free.

7. All

1. All Praise to him above ;  
The Lamb as't had been slain  
T' th' Prince of Peace *Hosannabs* give,  
*Hosannabs* yet again !

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## H Y M N XLIII.

1. Behold, my Jesus comes,  
I hear his blessed Tone ;  
He comes apace with all his Grace  
To me, his dearest One.
2. O now I hear his Voice !  
He calls aloud to me,  
Behold my bleeding Sides, my Love  
Behold I dy'd for thee.
3. I have betrothed thee,  
And in these Cov'nant-bands  
I will keep thee : O ! do but see  
My bleeding Feet and Hands.
4. A Royal Robe I wrought  
To cover thee with, and  
To let thee see I loved thee ;  
I shew my Feet and Hands..
5. This Robe will cover all  
Thy Sins, tho' as the Sands  
In Number be ; yet do but see  
My bleeding Feet and Hands.
6. I then did satisfy  
My Father's full Demands,  
Even for thee, when to the Tree  
Thou nail'd'st my Feet and Hands.

7. I love thee still, altho'  
 It puts thee to a stand,  
 How it should be I should love thee,  
 That pierc'd my Feet and Hands.  
 8. My Father now delights  
 To see thine Image stand,  
 So pure and white, and dazzling bright  
 In me at his right Hand.

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## HYMN XLIV.

1. **C**hrist our High Priest is gone  
 For us now to appear,  
 With Blood above, that pleads for Love;  
 Stand by both Guilt and Fear.  
 2. Grace infinitely free  
 His Blood did loudly tell :  
 This streaming Rock the Lord hath smote,  
 Doth speak Love's Language well.  
 3. Love dy'd itself in Blood,  
 That Sinners there might see  
 That God's eternal Love thro' Christ,  
 Is infinitely free.  
 4. Come Sin and Satan too,  
 Your Threats we do disdain;  
 And Justice, thou hast nothing now  
 'Gainst us : The Lamb is slain.  
 5. Thus Grace doth mount the Soul ;  
 In Christ it set's it high ;  
 And tho' in Sin 't has reeking been,  
 Yet Grace doth bring it nigh.

6. And

6. And thus the Soul doth teach,  
All Sin for to disdain,  
Because by Christ 'tis made a Priest,  
And purg'd from Spot and Stain.

7. O boundless Love of God !  
Who would not Grace adore,  
That in the Flood of Jesus Blood  
Our Sin has cover'd ore ?

8. O worthy is the Lamb,  
That once was slain for me,  
Eternally in Praises high  
Ador'd and prais'd to be !

## HYMN XLV.

1. **W**HAT Trumpet's this that sounds  
Such glorious Liberty  
To Sinners thro' the Blood of Christ ;  
And why not then for me ?

2. Jesus dy'd to redeem  
Poor Sinners, and set free  
The worst of Traytors by his Blood :  
And therefore why not me ?

3. Christ dy'd to bring to God  
Such that at Distance be ;  
The Just for the Unjust did die ;  
And why not then for me ?

4. The Gospel offers Christ  
To such that Sinners be ;  
Yea, free Redemption by his Blood,  
Why therefore not to me ?

5. God

5. God did commend his Love  
 To such that Sinners be ;  
 Yea, Christ for the Ungodly dy'd  
 And why not die for me ?

6. Christ dy'd for none but such,  
 'Gainst God that Rebels be,  
 And Peace by Blood for Sinners made ;  
 And why not Peace for me ?

7. There's Righteousness in Christ  
 Most infinitely free,  
 For needy Sinners which was wrought ;  
 And why not then for me ?

8. And in this Righteousness  
 Sinners Angels out-shine ;  
 It covers all their foulest Spots ;  
 And why not cover mine ?

9. So that God's holy Eye  
 No Spots in them can see,  
 This Garment white, it shines so bright ;  
 And why not shine on me ?

## H Y M N XLVI.

1. Behold, my Soul, thy lovely Lord,  
 Hung bleeding on the Tree ;  
 O ! view, my Soul, the Heart of Christ  
 By Justice rent for thee.

2. Oh ! what stupendious boundless Love,  
 Is this that flames so bright,  
 That Jesus, he should die for me,  
 That I in Justice Sight,

3. Should

3. Should in this glorious Godlike Robe  
 Before the Throne appear,  
 That flaming Holiness itself  
 Need not to make me fear ?

4. O cursed Unbelief stand by,  
 Thou sulphurous Smoke of Hell,  
 For in this Dress, (Christ's Righteousness)  
 Justice doth like me well.

5. O lovely Jesus, Take the Praise,  
 Who thus adorn'st thy Bride :  
 This Righteousness I do possess  
 Doth in thyself reside.

6. O altogether lovely Lord !  
 What Tongue can silent be ?  
 Thou Fairest of ten Thousand art ;  
 For none is like to thee.

## H Y M N XLVII.

1. **W**HY dost thou hide thy Face ?  
 Our Jesus, tell us why :  
 Didst thou not love with such a Love  
 That Love caus'd thee to die ?

2. Thy bleeding Sides do tell  
 Love's Stories pleasantly :  
 Therefore why hidest thou thy Face ?  
 Our Jesus, tell us why :

3. We're Bone now of thy Bone ;  
 To thee we are made nigh :  
 Thou hid'st thyself now from thyself ;  
 O therefore tell us why ?

4. My

4. My undefiled One,  
 Dost thou enquire of me,  
 Why is't that I so frequently  
 Do hide my Face from thee ?

5. O ! 'tis my Love to thee  
 That's always in a Flame,  
 That causes me to hide from thee,  
 Altho' my Heart's the same.

6. When from those living Streams  
 From me that run so free  
 Thou turn'st aside, O then, my Bride,  
 I hide myself from thee.

7. When thou dost live upon  
 My Jewels fair and bright,  
 And them dost take, and Idols make  
 And set up in my Sight.

8. My Love to thee's so great,  
 Their Emptiness to show ;  
 I turn aside from thee, my Bride,  
 That thou may'st learn to go,

9. Unto the Fountain Head,  
 And drink abundantly,  
 Out of those red and purple Streams  
 That have their Source from me.

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### HYMN XLVIII.

1. **M**Y Jesus he is all to me,  
 Whate're my Soul can crave  
 A Fountain free is Christ to me,  
 That I no Want can have.

2. My

2. My Jesus he is Strength to me,  
When I do fainting lye :  
He's Health in Sicknes, Life in Death ;  
In War, he's Victory.
3. In Famine he is Food to me,  
In Thirst he's Royal Wine ;  
No Want can be attending me  
Since Jesus he is mine.
4. My Jesus he is Light to me  
When I in Darknes go :  
Such Fulnes in my Jesus is  
That I no Want can know.
5. My Jesus he is Liberty  
When Bondage doth oppress :  
Tho' I in Sin have reeking been,  
My Christ is Righteousnes.
6. When Sorrows compas me about  
My Christ is Peace and Joy ;  
When Wrath and Sin do rage within,  
My Christ is Victory.
7. When Satan throws his flaming Dart,  
My Christ a Hold is strong,  
A Refuge he is then to me,  
And my Salvation.

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### H Y M N XLIX.

1. **O** ! What a Fountain of Delight  
Is Christ the Son of God ?  
What pleasant Streams this Rock did run,  
When smote by Justice Rod !

2. Q

2. O Love, eternal Love and Grace !  
 Whose Depths we cannot know,  
 Which we saw run thro' God's own Son,  
 And thro' his Blood to flow.

3. We view'd with Pleasure and Delight  
 This streaming Rock so free ;  
 We saw the Lord his Fellow smite  
 For us upon the Tree.

4. O stand amaz'd ye Train above,  
 Can this be understood,  
 That God's eternal Grace and Love,  
 Should flow thro' Jesus Blood ?

5. Did we not in the Wounds of Christ  
 The Father's Heart behold ?  
 Hath not our dearest Jesus Blood  
 Delightful Tydings told ?

6. These wounded Hands and Feet we see  
 (By Faith) upon the Tree,  
 Loudly proclaim, we're Kings and Priests  
 Unto Eternity.





Select HYMNS  
FOR THE  
LORD'S TABLE.

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The Third Book.

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HYMN I.

1.  UR Lord and Head we saw  
did fall  
A Sacrifice for us;  
We by his Stripes are heal'd  
whilst he  
Was bruis'd and wounded thus.  
2. Some for a Friend would, may be, die,  
But who would for a Foe?  
Yet Jesus pour'd his Soul to Death  
For us whilst we were so.

3. Behold

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3. Behold how great this dying Love,  
O here was Love indeed  
To manifest such boundless Love,  
The Son of God must bleed !

4. How did Whips, Nails and Thorns tear off  
And rend his blessed Flesh :  
We in his Ordinance now saw  
Our bruised Lord afresh.

5. But, oh, how was his wounded Soul  
By mighty Vengeance rent !  
What Tortures from his Father's Hand ?  
What Pangs he underwent ?

6. 'Twas Love to Rebels, such as we  
Made him to undergo,  
(Tho' in himself most innocent,) Such Tortures, Pains, and Woe.

7. O Hearts of Flint, why don't you melt ?  
Bow down our Souls, bow down ;  
Let such amazing Grace prevail :  
O, let it wear the Crown.

8. Awake, awake, our Souls to love,  
To love this lovely One :  
And everlasting Praises sing  
To him upon the Throne.

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HYMN II.

1. **H**OW did the glorious Heav'n smile,  
When God to Man was reconcil'd  
How he his Rebels did devise  
Should meet him in a Sacrifice.

2. He

2. He on a bruised Jesus swore,  
He would be wrath with him no more ;  
No, nor with us that are in Christ,  
Our representing great High Priest.
3. In Christ's divided Parts he meets,  
And there with Love eternal greets :  
Enriches them with glor'ous Grace,  
And everlasting Arms embrace.
4. By wond'rous Commutations, thus  
He caus'd the Vengeance due to us  
Fall on his Son, who in our stead  
For us obeyed, dy'd and bled.
5. His barbed Arrows stuck him through,  
Whilst we escape the deadly Blows :  
Thus he was pleas'd to bruise his Son,  
Lest wretched we should be undone.

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### H Y M N III.

1. **H**osannah to the Holy One !  
Unto the Lamb upon the Throne  
Come let us Hallelujah sing,  
Unto the great immortal King !
2. He sav'd us with his Godlike Blood ;  
He wash'd us in that purest Flood :  
Our Conscience bath'd hath in that Bath  
And purg'd out thence Sin, Hell, and Wrath.
3. We feed on him our Flesh and Bone ;  
Thereby embodyed into one ;  
In him made one with Father's too :  
Who can this Godlike Glory shew.

4. How

4. How did the Father take Delight,  
His dearest Son to bruise and smite,  
To free us from the hellish Snare!  
O! glor'ous Love beyond compare!
5. He now the choicest Wine let's run,  
And feeds with us upon his Son:  
His Spikenard casts a pleasant Smell;  
O! let us in his Praises dwell.
6. We at his Table drank and eat;  
We fed were with the finest Wheat:  
What choicest Dainties did he dish?  
O! was there ever Love like this.
7. What taste in Heav'n hath this Cheer,  
If that so pleasant it be here?  
Where we shall drink the newest Wine  
What Manner, oh, of Love is thine!
8. *Hosannab!* Hallelujahs ring!  
O beauteous Jesus! glorious King!  
Bottomless Love, O boundless Grace!  
O Glory, Glory, Glory, Praise.

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## H Y M N IV.

1. **T**HE Story of eternal Love,  
The Spirit told by Bread and Wine,  
That boundless, everlasting Love  
That thro' a dying Christ did shine.
2. We do shew forth his Death below,  
And he shews forth his Death above:  
He, to keep flowing down his Grace,  
And we to see, rejoice, and love.

3. *Melchior*

3. *Melchizedec* did *Abram* meet,  
With Bread and Wine, the King's b'ing  
But our *Melchizedec* meets us, (slain)  
Whilst in the Heat of Wars and Pain.

4. This speaks unfathom'd Love indeed,  
Love from Eternity begun,  
A boundless Current in a Round,  
That to Eternity will run.

5. Christ loves and pours his Soul to Death  
The more the Father's Heart doth move  
To Christ ; and Christ doth love the more,  
O ! here's a glorious Round of Love.

6. 'Tis in this Love we're swallow'd up,  
And shall be swallow'd in for aye,  
This is the Ocean, Banner, Shade,  
This is the bright eternal Day.

7. This God of Love in Christ belov'd,  
This God of Grace we will adore,  
We'll praise, and honour, and admire  
Now and henceforth, for evermore.

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### HYMN V.

1. **R** Avishing Mercy ! wond'rous Love !  
O ! come and taste and see ;  
O wretched Sinner, as I am ;  
Did Jesus dye for me.

2. Eternity will scarce suffice  
T'admire this great Decree,  
'Twas from Eternity decreed,  
That Christ should bleed for me.

G

3. What

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3. What Stories of eternal Love,  
Christ's bleeding Sides do tell!  
Love's great Epistle he did write  
In Lines of Blood so well.

4. His Mercy, Goodnes, Grace and Love  
Flow'd in those purple Streams  
To us that so rebellious were!  
We seem like those in Dreams.

5. Ravishing Food, delicious Wine,  
The Flesh and Blood of Christ!  
With Joy and Strength we feed upon  
The Sacrifice and Priest.

6. O Hallelujah, Glory, Power,  
And Honour be to thee;  
Thy God and Father, and ours too,  
And Spirit eternally.

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HYMN VI.

1. WE drunk the Wine, the Fruit o'th'  
The Vine that is most true; (Vine  
Hereafter we with Christ shall be,  
And then shall drink it new.

2. These are the Dainties of Free Grace,  
And Love's delicious Fare;  
The Flesh and Blood o'th' Son of God:  
O Love beyond compare:

3. His Godlike Death for us hath wrought  
A Garment bright and fair,  
In which we're spotless, without Fault:  
O Love beyond compare.

4. He comes to reign, Hell is in Pain,  
Their Teeth the Wicked gnash ;  
Our Lord is nigh, and they shall feel  
His Rod and Iron-lash.

5. But underneath his Shadow, we  
Shall of his Bounty share,  
Ravish'd with Kisses of his Love :  
O, what a Feast is there.

6. Fain would we be at Home with thee,  
Our dearest Jesus, fain ;  
That in th' Embraces of thy Love,  
We ever might remain.

7. Love and Free Grace, come move apace ;  
With Love heart-sick we be :  
O Soul-amazing shining Love !  
O, why so much as we ?

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### HYMN VII.

1. **W**HAT glor'ous Sacrifice is this,  
Our Lord and we do feed upon ?  
0, what a Banquet's this of Love,  
To feed upon his only Son ?

2. To eat of his most glor'ous Flesh,  
O, this is heav'nly Manna indeed,  
To have Communion with that Blood  
The Son of God for us did bleed :

3. United to the Son of Man,  
With that great God we Union have ;  
Whatever in the Name of Christ  
We ask, we certainly shall have.

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4. He prays for us, we pray in him,  
We rule and triumph in our Head :  
Our mutual Animosities  
Did bleed to Death with him that bled.

5. Then let us meet with our dear Lord,  
I'th' reconciling Sacrifice :  
Cast our rebellious Weapons down  
At his blest Feet, if we are wise.

6. *Hosannah* to the God of Love,  
*Hosannah* to the Highest One,  
*Hosannah* to the Prince of Life,  
That fits with Pow'r upon the Throne !

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HYMN VIII.

1. **N**Ev'r did the Glory of Free Grace,  
So shine, as in our dying Friend  
When he Transgression finished,  
And of Sin fully made an End.

2. Behold, how God the Father lov'd ;  
Behold, how Jesus lov'd indeed !

3. 'Twas Love to us triumph'd o're all,  
When that the Lamb of God did bleed.

3. Our Garments whiten'd with his Blood,  
His Love ; how pleasant is the Shade ?

Thus in the Fountain bath'd are we,  
And Kings and Priests to God are made.

4. O never, never, did high Love,  
So greatly flow and Stream afore,  
As it flow'd from our Jesus Sides,  
And stream'd forth in his purple Gore.

5. O fill us, fill us with thy Love ;  
We thirsty are ; let's drink our Fill :  
Let's quench our Thirst in pard'ning Blood,  
In pard'ning Blood our Lord did spill.
6. Our dearest, dearest, dearest Friend !  
Our precious Husband, lovely ; sweet !  
Let's hang in thy Embraces, Lord ;  
Let's wash, and wipe and kiss thy Feet.
7. Thou overcomest with thy Love,  
O ! thou dost ravish with thy Grace,  
Behold, how beautiful and bright,  
The Glory of thy lovely Face :
8. O let's admiring always stand,  
O let's adoring prostrate fall !  
O boundless, free, rich, glorious Grace  
In Christ, and Christ is all in all.
9. Eternal Glory, Thanks and Praise  
Be to our Husband, and our Lord :  
Still let us celebrate his Praise,  
And glorious Acts with one Accord.

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### HYMN IX.

1. **T**ELL us, O Jesus, dost thou Love ?  
And dost thou love indeed ?  
Why do we ask ? Did we not see  
Thy Love just now to bleed ?
2. What greater Love than bleeding Love  
O Love most ravishing !  
This Song of Love when we're above  
We shall for ever sing.

3. We saw thy Love flow from thy Heart,  
Now in thy Blood that streams ;  
It was such overcoming Love,  
We were like those in Dreams.

4. O ! who can tell the Heart of Christ,  
In all his Glory now,  
To his belov'd distressed Ones,  
In midst of Storms below ?

5. Thy Heart's the same as e're it was,  
As full of Love and Grace ;  
There's the same Pity as e're was,  
In thy exalted Face.

6. Why must we turn away our Eyes,  
Thine Image we do bear :  
O what does ravish thee ? It is  
Thy Beauty which we wear.

7. If Beams from thee that dart on us  
So sparkling be and bright ;  
What must the Sun itself be to  
The Darkness of the Night ?

8. Who can behold thy Glory, Lord,  
Thy glorious Love, who can ;  
Eternity itself is not  
Sufficient it to scan.

9. Flame out our Love with hottest Flames  
To our beloved Lord :  
Rest under his Love's Shadow, which  
Surpasses *Jonab's* Gourd.

10. The World's a stormy raging Sea,  
Let's harbour in his Love ;  
Thence we shall laugh at Storms and Waves  
No Tempest shall us move.

11. Now him that is our safe Retreat,  
And him that is our Peace,  
Let's love and honour, praise, admire,  
And let us never cease.

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### HYMN X.

1. **H**OW clean are we, now we are bath'd  
In *Jordan's* living Flood ?  
What shining Kings and Priests we stand  
Wash'd in Christ's godlike Blood.
2. The Lamb i'th' midst o'th' Throne of  
Us now hath freely fed ; (Grace  
And by his Spirit down hath sent  
From Heav'n the living Bread.
3. The living Streams o'th' upper Springs  
He freely did bestow :  
We of the Fountain freely drank  
That from his Heart did flow.
4. He bids us drunken be with Loves,  
With Loves so bottomless ;  
With Loves that streams so freely down,  
(The Ocean not the less.)
5. The lovely Jesus is all Love,  
All Mercy, Truth, all Grace ;  
He's white and ruddy : Majesty  
And Meekness fills his Face.
6. Sing Hallelujahs to the Lamb,  
The Lamb most pure and bright :  
Whose Voice does thunder from the Throne,  
Whose Eyes are flaming Light.

7. Let's love, admire, adore, embrace  
 This lovely one so fair ;  
 Whose Grace and Person all transcends,  
 And are beyond compare.

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## H Y M N XI.

1. Behold our Well-beloved's come,  
 More excellent then Mounts of Prey  
 O're mighty Hills of Unbelief,  
 And Guilt of Sin, he pav'd his Way.

2. He like the Roe has nimbly tript  
 To shew to us his glorious Face ?  
 And thro' the Lettice of his Flesh  
 Darts down on us his Father's Grace.

3. Hark, hark, how our Beloved speaks,  
 What ravishing, what melting Voice,  
 He says, rise up my Love, my Fair,  
 Mine and my Father's only Choice.

4. Rise up my Fairest, come away,  
 Rise, follow me, Dove, without fear ;  
 The dark distressing Winter's o're,  
 The pleasant Spring does now appear.

5. The Birds do sing, my Children ring  
 Most joyous Peals of my free Grace ;  
 The Flowers appear, their Graces are  
 Most shining bright each in its Place.

6. The Turtle's Voice is in our Land ;  
 The des'late Gospel does break forth  
 Singing in the midst of you,  
 And causes many a heavenly Birth.

7. The Fig-Tree putteth forth green Figs,  
For numerous your Converts are ;  
Your tender Grapes give a good Smell ;  
Your Converts Grace is choice and rare.

8. Lord what are we, thy Love, thy Fair ?  
Such filthy wretched Ones as we ?  
O Love, O Love, O wond'rous Grace !  
Come, we'll arise and follow thee.

9. Great things thine Arm hath done 'mong us.  
Such Love and Favour didst thou shew ?  
Who would not rise and follow thee ?  
Such mighty Clouds of Love do draw.

10. Now to our well-beloved Lord,  
Let's sing a well tun'd Song of Praise :  
Glory and Honour let's ascribe,  
O let's ascribe to him always.

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## HYMN XII.

1. O Choicest Banquet, rarest Wine ;  
O Soul-reviving Blood !  
O Table well spread with heav'nly Bread ;  
O delicatest Food.

2. What glorious Company was here ?  
The Father, Spirit, Son,  
And a great Troop of shining Ones  
Embodyed into one.

3. O Grace, free Grace, rich glorious Grace,  
Foundation and Top-stone  
In great Redemption's Building, and  
Its cementing alone.

4. O Mercy, Goodness, Peace dish'd up,  
O glorious Bill of Fare ;  
O Love, the garnishing of all,  
O Love beyond compare.

5. Who would not love thee, King of Saints,  
Who would not love thee, Lord ?  
Thy Person is all beautiful ;  
How Honey-sweet thy Word.

6. Who would not praise thee, Zion's King  
And trumpet forth thy Fame ;  
Who art with richest Glory 'ray'd,  
How well perfum'd thy Name :

7. Still Honour, Glory and Renown  
Be given unto thee :  
*Hosannas, Hallelujahs sing*  
To all Eternity.

## H Y M N XIII.

1. DEAR Lord, we in thy Comelines,  
Like *Sbaren's Rose*, do smell and  
And like the Lillies of the Vale, (bud,  
Appear most beautiful and good.

2. Hark, hark, what our dear Lord replies  
As Lillies shoot up among Thorns,  
So does my Love, my Church, my Spouse  
In Sight of false Professors Harms.

3. Those that themselves my Daughters call,  
Like prickling Thorns would stab thee thro'  
Yet mid'st those thorny Daughters, thou  
Shalt like the Valley's Lilly grow.

4. Thanks

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4. Thanks, dearest Jesus ; are we then  
I'th midst of Thorns, thy Fair, thy Dove,  
How art thou like the Apple-Tree,  
The Glory of the shady Grove ?
5. As pleasant Pippins among Crabs,  
So 'mong the Sons is our Beloved ;  
Fairer than all the Sons of Men,  
The perfect Captain well approv'd.
6. We thy refreshing Shadow had,  
Thy covering Righteousnes and Love ;  
We shall with constant Joys be fill'd,  
If here we sit and never move.
7. And here we eat thy pleasant Fruits,  
Thy pleasant Fruits of Righteousnes ;  
How pleasant to our Taste are these,  
Assurance, Peace and Quietness.
8. Pleas'd with the Goodnes of these Fruits,  
Let us our Donor praise and bleſs ;  
Our dearest Husband, Lord and Head,  
Jehovah our great Righteousness.

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## HYMN XIV.

1. O Love, O boundless Love of God ;  
Stupenduous Love and Grace,  
We in a bleeding Jesus saw,  
We saw in Jesus Face.
2. The King of Glory has been here  
Revealing mighty Love,  
In Conscience-banquets, feasting with  
His undefiled Dove.

3. Hark

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3. Hark in what tend'rest Speech of Love,  
He doth his Heart bewray,  
My Love, my Dove, my Undefil'd,  
Make haste and come away.

4. The Winter's past, the Rain is gone,  
The Flowers do appear ;  
The Time is come for Birds to sing,  
The Turtle you may hear,

5. The Fig-tree glorious in green Figs,  
In tender Grapes the Vine ?  
Arise my Love, my fair One, come  
And drink my spiced Wine.

6. I am into my Garden come,  
My Sister, and my Bride ;  
I've brought my Honey, Myrrh and Spice,  
My Milk and Wine beside.

7. Come eat, O Friends, yea, welcome, to  
These Dainties from above ;  
Be'oved, drink abundantly,  
Come drink large Draughts of Love.

8. Open to me, my Love, my Dove,  
My Sister undefil'd ;  
My Locks with fruitful Drops o'th' Night,  
My Head with Dew is fill'd.

9. Let us be wise, and now arise ;  
What Language, Lord, is this ?  
In Words so ravishing dost thou  
Thyself to us expres ?

10. O let's arise and follow thee,  
Lest thou withdraw'ft again ;  
And we thy Absence several Years.  
Mourn and deplore in vain.

H Y M N

## HYMN XV.

1. **T**hey're Songs of Love they sing above  
And why not we like them?  
No Tongue be dumb; for we are come  
To th' new *Jerusalem*.
2. Clad now with white and shining bright  
Garments of Righteousness;  
Girdles of Gold our Loins do hold,  
And bind on fast our Dres.
3. We stand upon that Ocean,  
That glassy, fiery Sea;  
The Blood of Christ, that great High Priest  
The Spirit does apply.
4. Let's touch the golden Harps of God,  
With Wire immortal strung;  
And let us sing to our great King,  
Let's sing the Lamb's new Song.
5. Thanks be to thee, the Victory  
We have obtain'd o're Sin;  
And Father, thou haft made us more  
Than Conquerors in him.
6. This crucified Lord let's praise,  
And magnify his Worth;  
This blessed Branch of *Je'se's* Stem,  
His Glory let's set forth.
7. Immortal Honour, Wisdom, Strength,  
Unto the Lamb are due;  
This bleeding Lamb, this reigning Lord,  
This holy, righteous, true.
8. This

8. This heav'nly Manna's to our Taste,  
Like Cakes of Honey sweet;  
How pleasant is this streaming Rock,  
Which still our Paths doth meet?

9. Come Jesus move we're sick of Love;  
Why stay thy Chariot-Wheels?  
We pine away while thou dost stay,  
Our Souls thy Absence feel.

10. Thy Mouth's sweet Kiss let us not miss  
Thy Love transcends all Wine;  
But oh! what Musick do we hear  
When thou sayst, I am thine.

11. Still let's have more, still more of thee,  
We ne're enough can have:  
Our Jealousy's as strong as Death,  
As cruel as the Grave.

12. Dominion, Power, and Majesty,  
Thanksgiving, Glory, Praise  
In endless Songs, Angelick Strains,  
And never ceasing Lays,

13. Be unto him that loved us,  
And wash'd us with his Blood,  
And made us Kings and Priests unto  
His Father, and our God.

## HYMN XVI.

1. **W**ho's this that doth from *Edom* come  
With Garments dyed red,  
With Scarlet Robes from *Bozrah*, he  
O how apparelled!

2. That

2. That travels in his mighty Strength ?  
What Answer, O he gave !  
*'Tis I that speak in Righteousness,  
And Mighty am to save.*

3. Why's thy Apparel colour'd so,  
Thy Garments dyed red,  
Like them that in the Vintage work,  
Or do the Wine-fat tread ?

4. The Winepres of his Father's Wrath  
He all alone hath trod ;  
O'th' People there was none with him  
When he was smote of God,

5. Awake, O brandish'd Sword of God,  
Against my only Son,  
Tho' spotless he and innocent,  
No Violence has done :

6. He's as a Lamb to th' Slaughter led,  
Yea, as a shearing Sheep  
He quietly yields up his Breath,  
And still doth Silence keep.

7. He freely did to Death submit,  
And did most willingly,  
Pains, Tortures, Lashes, Stripes endure,  
For Rebels such as we.

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## HYMN XVII.

1. **I** Mmortal Honour, Glory, Pow'r,  
Strength, Wisdom, Riches, Might,  
Be to the reigning Lamb above,  
That dwells in brightest Light.

2. To

2. To him that wash'd us in his Blood,  
Who having lov'd us first ;  
To him that was made Sin for us,  
And was for us accurst.

3. Who feeds us with his godlike Flesh,  
And drinks us with his Blood ;  
Uniting Faith most choicely feeds,  
And drinks the Wine that's good.

4. Who would not love thee, dearest Lord,  
Most lovely, bright and fair ?  
Thy Love to us, all Love transcends ;  
Thou art beyond compare.

5. How pleasant was this Fruit to us,  
And Language full of Grace.  
Delightful was the Company ;  
How lovely was his Face ?

6. O well-beloved Jesus, fill'd  
With Glory, Grace, and Truth ;  
All Grace is pour'd upon thy Lips :  
Thou hast the Dew of Youth..

7. O when shall we come unto thee,  
Home to our Father's House ;  
Where thou'l refine the choicest Wine  
For thy beloved Spouse.

8. Who would not honour and admire ?  
Who would not thee adore ?  
Who would not throw their Crown below  
Down prostrate thee before ?

9. Haste sweet Jesus, haste away,  
Thy rightful Throne ascend,  
Possess the Nations, fill thy Church  
With Glory without End.

## HYMN XVIII.

1. Behold the bleeding Lord of Life,  
Planted with Arrows like a Grove ;  
Planted with Darts of Vengeance thus ;  
O Friends what Manner then of Love !
2. Wounded by his dear Father's Sword ;  
Betray'd most falsely with a Kiss ;  
By Kinmen, Followers murther'd thus ?  
What Manner, O ! of Love is this.
3. Behold the bloody Clodders fall ;  
His pierced Sides, and Temples bleed ;  
For Sinners thus he's drench'd in's Blood ;  
And is not this then Love indeed.
4. Behold the Anguish of his Soul ;  
Thy Sword O Justice, stabs him thro' :  
For us vile Rebels, this he bore :  
How did our Jesus love ? O how ?
5. To Torments thus resigns his Soul,  
Our Husband dearly purchases  
A filthy and a wretched Bride ;  
What Manner, O ! of Love was this ?
6. To die for worst of Enemies ;  
O, this was an amazing Friend !  
What Manner Lord of Love was thine,  
How didst thou boundless Love command.
7. The Father bruis'd his darling Son  
And took Delight to wound him sore  
Our Father's Love unto us shone  
Thro' the slain Jesus purple Gore.
8. His

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8. His Sorrows, Anguish, Blood, and Death,  
Electing Grace did cause to shine :  
What, bruise for us thy darling Son ?  
What Manner, O, of Love is thine.

9. O here is Love, here's Love indeed !  
Eternal and electing Love :  
A Love that does no Limits know,  
That never changes, never moves.

10. Whate're we do, this boundless Love  
Runs an eternal Stream of Bliss ;  
The Floods of Sin this Love can't quench ;  
What Manner, O ! of Love is this.

11. This Love the greatest Torments bore ;  
This Love did groan, this Love did bleed ;  
Our Lover thus wept bloody Tears :  
Behold, how Jesus lov'd indeed !

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H Y M N XIX.

1. **G**OD from Eternity decreed,  
To feast in Love with us this Night,  
To feed with us now on his Son ;  
And Father, so thou took'st Delight.

2. And didst thou set him then apart  
To be the Victim of our Peace,  
Swearing on him by thy great Self,  
Thy Love to us should never cease.

3. Then our dear Jesus swore for us,  
We ne're rebel should as afore ;  
And that recover'd we should ne're  
Deface his Glory any more.

4. All his Engagements and his Bonds  
Where sealed by his dying Breath ;  
Our Peace and Life are ratify'd  
Unalterable in his Death.
5. We now renew our League with thee,  
Clasp'd in thy reconciled Arms :  
We in our bleeding Jesus saw  
Thy Love, and Mercy's potent Charms.
6. How fat the Feast ! how rich the Wine !  
How pleasant was the Company !  
We fed on Christ, we drank his Blood  
Whilst with us sat the glorious Three.
7. Adored Goodness ! ravish'd Love !  
In Streams of Love let's dip us then ;  
The Fountains of the mighty Deep  
Break up and deluge o're agen.
8. To Heav'n our Faith was mounted up ;  
We are impatient of Delay :  
Thy coming hasten Lord to us,  
Or let us haste to thee away.
9. Why doth thy Chariot, (pav'd with Grace  
And Love) so soft, so slowly move ?  
Mean while with Flagons comfort us :  
Dear Jesus we are sick of Love.

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## HYMN XX.

1. **S**ING Hallelujahs to the Lamb,  
That reigns for evermore !  
Who made us spotless by his Blood,  
And very bright all o're.

2. Our

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2. Our Tongues be then the Spirit's Pen,  
That readily may write ;  
To sound aloud the Lamb's high Praise,  
The Spirit will indite.
3. What an immortal Melody,  
Fills the high Heavens now ?  
Join in Seraphic Symphony  
You in this Room below :
4. Distinguishing, and endless Love,  
Is the great Song above ;  
And let us then that are below  
Sing Stories of his Love.
5. The Lord of Heaven Heav'ns left,  
Grace boundless to declare ;  
His Father's Bosom left to tell  
What Thoughts of Love there are.
6. Why cam'st thou down to dwell in Flesh  
Tell dearest Jesus, pray ;  
Was't to impart thy Father's Heart  
To wretched Lumps of Clay ?
7. Why wast thou poor ? A Man of Grief,  
That heavy Vengeance bore ?  
Why wast thou smitten thus and bruis'd ?  
Why wast thou wounded sore ?
8. Why in such bitter Agony ?  
Why bloody Clodders fall ?  
Why didst thou drink the Cup of Wrath,  
And drink up Dregs and all.
9. Hark what our bleeding Lord replies,  
Hark what his Wounds reply,  
This was to testify my Love,  
Love from Eternity.

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10. My Father's Love does shine in mine ;  
 My Groans his Love indite ;  
 Eternal, and electing Love  
 My streaming Blood does write,

11. Electing Grace my dying Breast  
 Did very loudly preach :  
 The Father's, Son's and Spirit's Love,  
 Thus Jesu Death did teach.

12. Our bleeding Lord, was it thus then ;  
 Let's view thy bleeding Sides :  
 Herē's Love indeed, flow up our Love  
 Like over-flowing Tides.

13. Our Jesu now tho'rt glorify'd ;  
 But is thy Love the same ?  
 Yes, says he, towards you it burns  
 Now with as high a Flame.

14. Sing Hallelujahs ! praise, adore,  
 Bless : All he does above  
 Is for us Sinners ; and all are  
 High Offices of Love.

## HYMN XXI.

1. NOW underneath thy Shadow, we  
 Sat down with great Delight :  
 How pleasant was the Taste of thee !  
 How lovely was the Sight.

2. We cannot brook thy Absence, Lord,  
 But we are sick of Love ?  
 Embrace thou always in thy Arms  
 Thy Sister, Spouse, and Dove.

3. That

3. That we no more may hunger, give  
Us of this Bread to eat ;  
And no more thirst, give of this Drink  
So cherishing, so sweet.

4. Lord, mount our Faith, we may embrace  
Thee in thy bruised Son ;  
And in thy Bosom lye, who is  
With thee, O Father, one.

5. O let us sing Mount Zion's Song,  
Sing Hallelujahs, sing  
(Who now with us at Table sits)  
To th' great immortal King.

6. Head over all, Jehovah high,  
The Prince of Peace, the Son,  
The reigning Lamb by whose Blood, we  
Do fight and overcome.

## HYMN XXII.

1. O ! Never was a Face so marr'd,  
As that of our dear Lord,  
When Justice turn'd aside from us,  
And in him sheath'd his Sword.

2. Why thus rejected and despis'd ?  
Why thus afflicted sore ?  
He underneath our Sorrows groan'd,  
It was our Griefs he bore.

3. Why without Form and Comeliness,  
Or Beauty to be seen ;  
It was for us that Vengeance made  
Those Wounds with Arrows keen.

4. Why

4. Why did he grieve? why did he groan?  
Pour forth such Tears and Cries?  
The Maul of Justice bruis'd him sore  
For our Iniquities.

5. And was he then for us chastis'd  
That we might Peace procure?  
And was his bloody, gashly Stripes  
Our Healing and our Cure?

6. What Manner then of Love was this?  
Yea, what transcendent Love?  
Still he loves such, yea, still as much  
Now that he reigns above.

7. And did the Father take our Sin,  
And charge it all on him?  
And was the Father greatly pleas'd  
To bruise him for our Sin?

8. What Manner then of Love was this,  
The Father had for us,  
When for such filthy Dust as we  
He wounds his Darling thus.

9. For ever be the Father prais'd,  
*Hosannas* to the Son,  
Yea, Hallelujahs to the Lamb!  
The holy righteous One.

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### H Y M N XXIII.

1. **C**hrist is the precious Treasury,  
Where Grace is laid in store,  
More fully to be handed out  
Unto the Blind and Poor.

2. The

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2. The mighty Distance Sin had caus'd  
Between our Lord and us,  
Is by this dying Sacrifice,  
Our Christ, abolish'd thus.

3. The Distance 'tween th' Eternal God  
And finite Clods of Clay,  
God is come down to dwell in Flesh,  
To do in Part away.

4. All Homage now is paid to God,  
In Jesus Christ our Head :  
All that we want is stor'd in him,  
He is the living Bread.

5. He is the living Waters fent ;  
Who ever drinks of him,  
As he is cleans'd and wash'd from Sin,  
So never thirsts again.

6. O ! do you want eternal Grace ?  
One in your Nature has't ;  
Go to your Brother Joseph's House,  
His pleasant Dainties taste :

7. Nay, eat Beloved, eat, O drink,  
And drink abundantly,  
This is our glorious Master's Call,  
This our Beloved's Cry.

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H Y M N XXIV.

1. **T**HOU worthy, O Jehovah, art  
Pōw'r, Glory, Honour to receive,  
It was thy Pleasure thus to love,  
And thus to make us to believe.

2. O bleed-

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2. O bleeding Lamb upon the Throne !  
Our Feast and Sacrifice this Night ;  
Awful like many Waters Noise,  
Like burning Brats, most shining bright.
3. 'Tis thine to ope the sealed Book,  
And reign o're Death, o're Hell, o're Sin ;  
Ope thou our Conscience chained Doors,  
And King of Glory enter in.
4. For thou was't slain, and hast redeem'd  
Us by thy Death and precious Blood,  
From among Kindreds, Nations, Tongues,  
And made us People to our God.
5. Lord, by redeeming thou hast made  
Us spotless King and Priests to him  
And having wash'd us in his Blood,  
Our God in us will see no Sin.
6. We Kings and Priests in th' Royal Robe  
Of Christ's bright Righteousness set forth,  
Shall reign with Christ at th' Judgment-day  
And reign e're long with him on Earth.
7. Worthy's the Lamb that hath been slain  
And now doth sit upon the Throne  
Of Glory, Blessing, Honour, Pow'r,  
Wisdom and Strength to him alone.

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HYMN XXV.

1. I Underneath his Shadow sat  
With Pleasure and Delight :  
His Fruit unto my Taste was sweet  
And fair unto my Sight.

H

2. I

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2. I look'd and tasted with Delight !  
 I Manna fed upon ;  
 My Meat and Drink it was the Flesh  
 And Blood of th' Father's Son.

3. I look'd and view'd by Faith, until  
 My Soul was sick of Love :  
 Love's Banner he continually  
 Display'd my Head above.

4. I view'd by Faith those stretcht out Arms  
 That nail'd were to the Tree,  
 Stand open wide for me his Bride,  
 Tho' a vile Wretch I be.

5. I view'd a Cup of Vengeance in  
 My dearest Jesus Hand :  
 There did I spy most pleasantly  
 That he at God's Command,

6. Most freely drank the bitter Cup  
 My Sin prepar'd for him ;  
 That I might have a Cup prepar'd  
 Of Grace up to the Brim.

7. O then my Soul, swim in those Depths  
 Of Love, that rise so high !  
 That Sin, and Death, and Hell can't stop  
 Its Stream eternally.



Additional



Additional Scriptural

# H Y M N S.

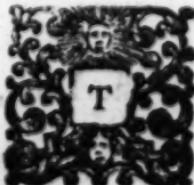
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## The Fourth Book.

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### H Y M N I.

Isa. xxxv. Referring to the Flourishing of  
Christ's Kingdom, in the Glory of the later  
Day.

1.  H E Wilderness thou shalt  
possess,  
And ev'ry desert Place  
Shall sing for Joy exceed-  
ingly,  
Because of mighty Grace.

H 2

2. It

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2. It blossom shall abundantly,  
Like to the fragrant Rose ;  
And shall put forth a glorious Growth,  
His Blessings upon those.
3. And all the goodly Cedars tall,  
In *Lebanon* that grow,  
Shall see the Glory of the Lord,  
And shall his Praises show.
4. And *Sharon* that's a fruitful Field,  
*Carmel* a Mountain high ;  
They shall agree, and both shall see  
His glor'ous Majesty.
5. Strengthen the Hands that do hang down,  
Confirm the feeble Knees ;  
And make the Weak, like *David* strong ;  
Give mighty Faith to these.
6. Say to the fearful hearted Ones,  
*Be ye exceeding strong* ;  
*Do you not fear, God will appear*,  
*And show himself e're long.*
7. With dreadful Vengeance he is clad,  
And fearful Indignation,  
Against all those that are his Foes,  
And comes for our Salvation.
8. The Eyes of those that blinded were  
Shall see exceeding clear :  
The Ears of those that stopped were,  
Shall very plainly hear.
9. The Lamb shall leap like to the Hart,  
That doth so nimbly spring ;  
The Tongue of th' Dumb shall be unloos'd,  
And shall his Praises sing.

10. And

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10. And living Waters shall break forth  
In th' Wilderness so dry :  
And crystal Streams in desert Place  
Shall run abundantly.
11. And then those parched Souls that were  
Burnt up with Heat of Sin,  
Shall then become like standing Pools,  
Fill'd up with Grace to th' Brim.
12. And then those thirsty Souls that wont  
To lust for evil Things :  
Out of their Bellies there shall flow,  
Swift Streams of living Springs.
13. And in the Habitations where  
Most poysitous Dragons lay ;  
It shall become a fruitful Soil,  
In th' glorious Gospel-day.
14. And there shall be a plain Highway,  
The Way of Holiness ;  
And no Unclean shall go therein  
That wilfully transgress.
15. The way-faring Man shall walk therein  
Though he be weak and poor ;  
In this plain Way, he shall not stray,  
But on shall go secure.
16. No roaring Lion shall be there,  
Nor any Beast of Prey  
Shall it infest, or us molest,  
In th' glorious latter Day.
17. But the Redeemed of the Lord  
E'en by the Blood of th' Lamb,  
(From Guilt of Sin shall walk therein)  
By which they overcame.

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18. And then *Jehovab's* ransom'd Ones,  
Shall back again return,  
With Songs of Praite, in th' latter Days,  
To Zion they shall come.

19. Sorrow they shall no more at all ;  
Sighing shall flee away ;  
Gladness obtain, that shall remain ;  
And Joy that lasts for Aye.

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HYMN II.

*Isaiah xl. 27, 28. A Confutation of that Unbelief, that is in Believers themselves.*

**O**H *Jacob* ! Why dost thou thus say ;  
And *Israel* thus speak ?  
My Way is hidden from the Lord,  
He doth no Notice take.

2. My Judgments passed o're from him,  
My God doth not regard ;  
Although I cry continually,  
My Prayer is not heard.

3. Hast thou not known, hast thou not heard,  
And hast thou not been told,  
I am the Everlasting God,  
The same I was of Old ?

4. I do not faint, nor weary am,  
But mighty am to save ;  
My Ear's not dull, nor wearied,  
To hear what thou dost crave.

5. My

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5. My Understanding is too deep  
For thee to search it out ;  
What I will do thou dost not know,  
Nor what I am about :
6. I do give Power to the Faint,  
And them that have no Might,  
By waiting shall increase their Strength,  
And stand up in my Sight.
7. Young Men shall fail and weary be ;  
The Youths shall fainting lie,  
That live upon inherent Grace,  
For want of fresh Supply :
8. But they that on Jehovah wait,  
They shall renew their Strength ;  
By living on the Grace in Christ,  
Grow very strong at length.
9. They shall mount up on Eagle's Wings,  
Their Faith shall soar on high ;  
And from the Fulness that's in Christ,  
They shall have rich Supply.
10. So they shall walk unweari'dly,  
That wont to faint before ;  
And strong in Grace, shall run apace,  
And so shall faint no more.



## H Y M N III.

Isaiah lxii. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7. Referring to  
the Glory of Zion in the later Day.

1. FOR Zion's Sake, I will not rest,  
My Peace I will not hold ;  
And also for Jerusalem,  
I will in Faith be bold.
2. Until the Righteousness thereof  
Go forth exceeding bright ;  
And the Salvation thereof  
Be like a burning Light.
3. And Gentile Nations they shall see,  
Thy mighty Righteousness ;  
Their Kings shall Free-will-offerings be,  
Thy Glory to express.
4. Thou shalt be call'd by a new Name,  
*Jehovah* shall express ;  
Which is a Name of mighty Fame,  
The Lord our Righteousness.
5. And thou shalt be a glor'ous Crown,  
Now in *Jehovah's* Hand :  
And as a Royal Diadem,  
Thou on his Head shalt stand.
6. Thou shalt no more forsaken be,  
Nor termed desolate ;  
But thou shalt be a Joy to me,  
My great Delicate.

7. Like as a Virgin's married,  
 Thy Sons shall married be ;  
 And as a Bridegroom joys in's Bride,  
 Thy God shall joy in thee.

8. I've Watchmen set upon thy Walls,  
 That stands both Day and Night ;  
 That shall not rest 'till thou art blest,  
 And made most glor'ous bright.

9. You that *Jebovah's* Name do name,  
 Do you not silent be ;  
 'Till he doth make *Jerusalem*,  
 The whole Earth's Praise you see.

---

## H Y M N IV.

*Isaiah lxi.*

1. **T**HE Spirit of the Lord my God  
 Is poured from on high ;  
 Above my Fellows upon me,  
 And that abundantly.

2. He hath anointed me to preach,  
 Glad Tydings to the Meek ;  
 To bind the broken hearted up,  
 And the lost Soul to seek.

3. He hath appointed me to make  
 The Jubilee Trumpet sound ;  
 For to set free at Liberty,  
 The Creatures that are bound.

H 5

4. For

4. For to proclaim the Day of Grace,  
And acceptable Year ;  
For to display my Righteousness,  
And bring it very near.

5. And Day of Vengeance of my God  
'Gainst those that Grace despise ;  
And furious Recompence to those  
That it reject likewise.

6. For to appoint to them that mourn  
In Zion solemnly,  
To put my Beauty upon them,  
Anoint with Oil of Joy.

7. They shall be Trees of Righteousness,  
Set by *Jehovah's* Hand :  
By Faith planted in Christ their Head,  
In Glory for to stand.

8. They shall raze up the Ruin of  
The former Generations ;  
And shall repair waste Places of  
Former Desolations.

9. And Strangers they shall feed my Flocks  
With Knowledge that is clear,  
The Gospel preach, and Sinners teach,  
My Wisdom, and my Fear.

10. And Aliens Sons shall till thy Lands,  
And dress thy tender Vines ;  
Who in Times past, would lay thee waste,  
Shall be of other Minds.

11. And ye shall be most Royal Priests  
To God, and to the Lamb ;  
And Men shall call you Ministers  
Of mighty glorious Fame.

12. The *Gentiles* Riches you shall eat,  
 Your Souls to satisfy ;  
 And in their Glory you shall boast  
 Yourselves abundantly,

13. Whereas thou hast been put to Shame,  
 Thou shalt have double Praise,  
 And for Confusion thou hast had,  
 Thou shalt rejoice always.

14. For I the Lord love Righteousness  
 All Robbery do hate,  
 For you to bring in Offering,  
 I do abominate.

15. Their Work in Truth I will direct,  
 And make my Cov'nant sure ;  
 It standeth fast, from first to last,  
 And ever shall endure.

16. Thy Seed among the *Gentiles* shall  
 Be very much renown'd ;  
 Among the People thy Off-spring  
 With Honour shall be crown'd ;

17. All that do see thee, they shall say,  
 That thou art greatly blest :  
*Jebovah* he hath blessed thee  
 With Grace above the rest.

18. For in *Jebovah* I'll rejoice  
 With Joy exceedingly ;  
 The God of my Salvation,  
 My Soul doth magnify.

19. With Garments of Salvation,  
 The Lord hath cloathed me ;  
 With shining Robes of Righteousness,  
 I covered shall be.

20. Like

20. Like as a Bridegroom decks himself,  
With very rich Array ;  
And as a Bride adorns herself  
Upon her Marriage-Day.

21. Like as the Earth brings forth her Bud  
Producing precious Things ;  
When watered with Heaven's Dews,  
And as the Garden springs.

22. So will I cause my Righteousness,  
Before all Nations round,  
For to spring forth a glor'ous Growth,  
And Praies forth shall sound.

## HYMN V.

Micah iv. *Of the later Day Glory.*

1. **T**HUS saith the Lord in the last Day  
That it shall come to pass  
*Jebovah* will his Throne exalt,  
Higher than e're it was.

2. And Zion's Hill, establish will,  
And set it very high ;  
Above all other Hills, that wont  
With Zion's Hill to vie.

3. Then very many People shall  
Come flowing unto thee ;  
Because a crucified Christ  
Shall high exalted be.

4. And

4. And many mighty Nations shall  
Call for to come to thee ;  
With joint Consent, and full Intent,  
His People for to be.
5. And *Jacob's* God he will us teach  
His pleasant Ways to know ;  
All which are right, to our delight,  
And in them we will go.
6. For out of *Zion* shall go forth  
The Law of free rich Grace ;  
And also from *Jerusalem*,  
His holy Dwelling-place :
7. He shall among the People judge,  
And Nations shall detect,  
Because they do despise his Grace,  
His Yoke they do reject.
8. Their Swords shall beat into Plough-  
Of use to till the Ground ; (shears,  
Their Spears to Pruning-Hooks shall run,  
No warlike Weapon found.
9. But ev'ry true, believing Soul,  
Shall sit him down and rest ;  
Under the Shade of the true Vine,  
Nothing shall them molest.
10. The *Lord* of Hosts hath spoken it,  
His Mouth doth thus proclaim,  
He will fulfil his holy Will ;  
O ! Praise his mighty Name.

## HYMN VI.

Habakkuk iii. 17, 18. *The Confidence of Faith in the darkest Times.*

1. **A**lthough the Fig-tree blossom not,  
But barren be and dry ;  
Yet in *Jehovah* I'll rejoice,  
And joy exceedingly.
2. Although the Vine be withered,  
And forth no Fruit do bring ;  
Yet in the Lord I will rejoice,  
That's *Israel*'s holy King.
3. Although the Olive's labour fail,  
With Oyl for our Supply ;  
Yet in this Dress, Christ's Righteousness,  
We shine exceedingly.
4. Although the Field no Meat do yield,  
But very barren be ;  
The Promise hath much Food for Faith,  
A plenteous Store we see.
5. Although in th' Fold, we don't behold,  
The Flock that wont to lay :  
We see our Christ, our great High Priest,  
That offered willingly.
6. Although there be no Herd in th' Stall,  
But quite cut off from thence ;  
Our Faith doth stay i'th' darkest Day,  
On Christ with Confidence.

7. Although

7. Although all outward Means do fail,  
And Cisterns all be dry ;  
The Fountain springs, with pleasant Things,  
That runs for our Supply.

8. Yet in *Jehovah* I'll rejoice,  
With wonderous Admiration ;  
In God I'll joy continually,  
The God of my Salvation.

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## H Y M N VII.

*Micah vii. 18, 19, 20.*

1. **W**HO is a God like to the Lord,  
Among the Gods on high ;  
That full and freely pardoneth  
All our Iniquity.

2. Our manifold Transgressions,  
He freely passeth by :  
His Heritage doth disengage  
From all Impiety.

3. His Anger he doth now refrain,  
He's fully satisfy'd ;  
His Wrath it doth not now remain,  
Because that Jesus dy'd.

4. In his Elect he much delights,  
For he is gracious :  
Our Jesus shed his Blood, which made  
Our God propitious.

5. The

5. The Lord will turn again to us,  
Although he be withdrawn ;  
And when this dismal Night is spent,  
Will be a glorious Morn.

6. On us he'll have Compassion ;  
We hear his Bowels found,  
For still his Love doth to us move,  
He makes his Grace abound.

7. Our prevalent Iniquities,  
Thou wilt for us subdue ;  
They shall not rise, to tyrannize  
On us, again anew.

8. Our Sins thou'l drown in th' deepest Seas  
Whence they shall rise no more,  
E'en in the Flood of Jesus Blood,  
Which he for them did pour.

9. The Truth to *Jacob* thou'l perform,  
Ingag'd by Covenant ;  
Secur'd by Oath and Promise both,  
Upon a gracious Grant

10. Thou calledst Father *Abraham*,  
From serving Idols dumb :  
Electing Grace on him took Place,  
And he obeyed and came.

11. Thy Covenant it standeth fast,  
And will for ever hold !  
As thou hast to our Fathers sworn,  
E'en from the Days of old.

## HYMN VIII.

Rev. xxi. *The New Jerusalem.*

1. **T**HE New *Jerusalem* it is,  
A City large and fair ;  
The Length and Breadth both equal are,  
It lieth just four square.
2. Her twelve Foundations stable are,  
Which she is built upon,  
Of Pearls most rare, that Likeness bare,  
To the chief Corner-stone.
3. Her Walls are high exceedingly,  
Salvation he surrounds ;  
None that destroy shall once come nigh,  
Within her Sacred Bounds,
4. Her Gates are splendid Pearls, at which  
Her Subjects enter in ;  
Her crowned Kings there judge of Things ;  
Judgment doth there begin.
5. The City's Streets, are purest Gold,  
That shines transparently ;  
The glorious Light, that makes her bright,  
Comes from the Deity.
6. Her Bounds and Limits round about,  
They all most holy be ;  
Her Laws and Statutes perfectly  
In Harmony agree,
7. There's no material Temple there,  
That's made with human Hands ;  
In th' Flesh of Christ, her great High Priest  
She worships there and stands.

8. The

8. The City doth not need the Sun,  
Nor Moon to give her Light,  
The Son of Man the glorious Lamb,  
Doth shine in her most bright.

9. And all the Nations saved Ones,  
Shall see her glorious Light,  
Likewise the Kings their Glory bring,  
And yield to her their Might.

10. She hath no need of Candle-light,  
Nor shining of the Sun ;  
She need not fear, no Night comes there,  
Her Day is never done.

11. The Gates of it shall not be shut,  
But shall wide open be,  
Her glorious Day, shall last alway,  
Unto Eternity.

12. The Honour of the Nations shall  
Be brought unto her now ;  
Great Multitudes of saved Ones,  
Shall down unto her bow.

13. And they shall see his shining Face,  
And know his glorious Name ;  
Which on their Foreheads is engrav'd ;  
His Image they proclaim.

14. There shall in no wise enter in,  
Into that holy Place,  
Not any Thing defil'd with Sin,  
But saved Ones by Grace.

## H Y M N IX.

*The Law and Grace.*

1. Mount Sinai's burning fiery Law,  
Can not the Conscience ease,  
But causeth there a dreadful Storm,  
It never can appease.
2. Then bids us go and work for Life,  
But gives no Strength at all ;  
Exact Obedience it requires,  
Or it will on us fall.
3. The Law of Grace doth gently draw,  
And sweetly doth constrain :  
The wounded Conscience it doth heal,  
And ease it of its Pain.
4. It bids us to believe on Christ,  
And venture on his Grace ;  
And gives us Strength to do the same,  
Though in a sinful Case.
5. The Law it doth convince of Sin,  
With Threats and just Demands :  
And if we don't fulfil the same,  
We're left in Justice Hands.
6. And there the naked Soul doth stand,  
Without a Covering,  
Resign'd to Justice strictest Hand,  
With dreadful Trembling.
7. Free Gospel-Grace it doth reveal,  
That Jesus Christ did die,  
And laid his Life a Ransom down ;  
To purchase us thereby.

8. It

8. It makes the Soul a Covering,  
Without a Spot or Stain ;  
And puts him in a glorious Dress,  
For ever to remain.

9. The Law the Conscience loads with Guilt ;  
Yet it desireth more ;  
And thinks thereby assuredly,  
To heal its deadly Sore.

10. It bindeth Guilt and Wrath to th' Soul ;  
Of each convinc'd Offender ;  
And he at last by Justice forc'd  
His guilty Soul to render.

11. The Voice of Grace reveals to th' Soul ;  
A wounded bruised Christ ;  
The Father's Love doth to him move,  
And he's by Grace intic'd.

12. When he by Grace hath run his Race,  
Shall rest eternally ;  
And on Christ's Throne, he shall sit down,  
And in his Bosom lie.

## HYMN X.

*The Gospel Call.*

1. WE hear the joyful Trumpet sound,  
Most glorious Liberty ;  
To captive Bond-Slaves that are bound ;  
Redemption draweth nigh.

2. O blessed

1. O blessed Day of glorious Grace,  
The Gospel brings to light,  
Which Darkne's did before deface,  
Shines now exceeding bright.

2. The Jubilee Year it is begun,  
It makes the Angels sing :  
This blessed News doth swiftly run,  
It makes the Heavens ring.

3. All Peace on Earth is loud proclaim'd,  
And unto Men Good-will ;  
Let glorious Grace be ever fam'd,  
We'll sound this Trumpet still.

4. Ye blessed Saints that heard this Sound,  
Who in your Blood did lye ;  
When that you where in Fetter bound,  
You heard the Jubilee-Cry.

5. The Lot of our Inheritance,  
It is secur'd to us ;  
By Jesus Blood we've Enterance  
Into the Holiest thus.

6. O Captive Bond-Slaves come away,  
That long have served Sin ;  
If you will here no longer stay,  
Your Freedom will begin.

7. Your Heritage he'll turn again,  
Which ye have sold for nought ;  
Your Right to it doth yet remain,  
For Jesus hath it brought.

8. Your Conscience-ease will then begin,  
From Wrath and Guilt and Fear ;  
This blessed Feast will alway last,  
It is the Jubilee Year.

## HYMN XI.

*The Coming of Christ.*

1. OUR Jesus cometh in the Clouds,  
Whom ev'ry Eye shall see ;  
And they before, that pierc'd him sore,  
They then shall Mourners be.
2. He brings ten Thousands of his Saints,  
A bright and glorious Train ;  
All crowned Kings to judge all Things,  
With th' Lamb that once was slain.
3. Attended with most mighty Hosts  
Of Angels numberless ;  
With Trumpet sound, to gather round  
The elected Ones to bleſs.
4. Lift up your Heads you ransom'd Ones  
That do dejected lie,  
With Songs of Praise, his Glory raise,  
For your Redemption's nigh.
5. New Heavens and new Earth also,  
Are even at the Door :  
The old decay, and pass away,  
And shall be found no more.
6. The Day shall be reveal'd by Fire,  
Now Jesus comes again ;  
And it shall try, and purify  
The purest Works of Men.
7. O Wretched Sinners what will you  
Do in the Judgment-day !  
That Christ reject, and not accept  
His Grace, and on him stay ?

8. The

3. The dreadful Judge of Quick and Dead  
Is now just at the Door ;  
The Lamb once slain, he comes again,  
And reigns for evermore.

---

## H Y M N XII.

*Christ's Call.*

1. O Hearken how our dearest Lord,  
To Sinners crieth out,  
Thy Sins and thy Iniquities,  
I've surely blotted out.

2. Therefore ye Sinners now return,  
Return, return to me ;  
Return to me, for by my Blood  
I have redeemed thee.

3. Though thou hast slighted me so long,  
I have paid dear for thee.  
I shed my Blood to do thee good ;  
Thou must return to me.

4. Sinners return, return, return,  
Though filthy, black and foul,  
cannot bear to think to lose  
The Travail of my Soul.

5. What dost thou think I dyed for ?  
Wast not for such as thee ?  
As filthy as thou think'st thou art,  
Return, return to me,

6. You

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6. You doubting Souls, what say you now  
Which often me controul,  
Heaven and Earth I'll overthrow,  
Before I'll lose one Soul.

7. It surely shall go well with you,  
I say it shall go well ;  
Although the Gulph should swallow you,  
I'll fetch you out of Hell.

8. I'll follow thee where're thou goest,  
And cry, return to me ;  
My Grace shall never leave, but cry,  
I have redeemed thee.

9. Although thy Faith be often down,  
And me thou canst not see ;  
My Love it never altered,  
But is the same to thee :

10. It is not long e're I will come  
And fetch thee Home to me ;  
And make thee bright, for my Delight,  
Where thou shalt ever be.

---

**HYMN XIII.**

Numbers xxiii. 24. *Out of Balaam's Parable.*

1. **F**ROM Tops of Rocks I do him see  
From Mountains high behold ;  
The People they shall dwell alone,  
Not with the Nations told.

2. The

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2. The Dust of *Jacob* who can count,  
Or number *Israel's* Seed?  
They that do die the righteous Death,  
Oh, they are blest indeed!

3. God's not a Man that he should lie,  
His Words are very pure;  
He will make good what he hath said  
For Truth itself's no truer.

4. In *Jacob* he hath not beheld  
The least Iniquity;  
In *Israel* no Perverseness, he  
Doth any Time espy.

5. The Lord is he in midst of thee,  
He is a mighty King;  
The Shout we hear, it doth appear,  
And manifest this Thing.

6. The Lord hath brought his People up  
From *Egypt's* servile Land;  
His Strength is like the Unicorn's,  
None can before him stand.

7. 'Gainst *Jacob* no Inchantment is,  
'Gainst *Israel* no Design;  
He maketh the Diviners mad,  
When Earth and Hell combine.

8. How goodly are thy pleasant Tents,  
Which thus are spread abroad,  
How lovely are thy Tabernacles  
Where dwelleth *Jacob's* God;

9. As fragrant Gardens they are spread,  
Upon the Vallies low;  
As goodly Cedars they do stand,  
By Rivers Sides that grow

10. From *Jacob* doth a Star arise,  
That shines most orient bright;

I

His

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His Princely Scepter he doth away,  
His Enemies he'll smite.

11. His King I greatly will exalt,  
Bove Agag in Degree;  
His Kingdom shall be set on high,  
And Head of Nations be.

12. When that he brings to pass such Things  
All wicked Ones shall fall,  
For none can stand before his Hand,  
Alas! he'll try them all,

13. And Ships shall come from Chittim's Coast,  
That Asur shall annoy;  
And when they've fill'd their Measure up,  
I'll Antichrist destroy.

---

HYMN XIV.

Judges v. 3. *Out of Deborah's Song.*

1. **A** WAKE, O Deborah, awake!  
Awake my Soul, I say,  
Arise and sing to Israel's King,  
It is a joyful Day.

2. My Captive Soul is loosened  
That was in Fetter bound;  
I am set free, at Liberty,  
A Ransom he hath found.

3. Hard by the Springs, there fought the Kings  
In great Megiddow's Plain;  
The Enemy was forc'd to fly,  
Much Loss he did sustain.

4. Abinoam's Son our mighty One,  
Our Lord so much renown'd

Hath

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Hath clear'd the Field, by Faith our Shield  
Our Enemies are bound,

5. Our Lord his Captives leads away,  
Dragg'd at his Chariot-Wheels,  
Triumphantly ascended high,  
His adverse Power feels.

6. Blessed are *Israel's* Princes all,  
That did their Help afford,  
And did comply so willingly,  
With their Almighty Lord.

7. Curse *Meroz*, with a bitter Curse ;  
Thou Unbelief stand by,  
That thus doth speak, we are too weak  
To fight the Enemy.

8. There's not a *Canaanite* shall stand  
Before our Lord this Day,  
Stars in their Course, fought with great Force  
Against keen *Sisera*.

9. Where are the Iron Chariots all,  
That were nine hundred strong ?  
They and their Tire, are burnt i'th' Fire ;  
*Jehovah's* us among.

---

HYMN XV.

*Proverbs viii.*

1. **W**isdom doth cry incessantly,  
And putteth forth her Voice,  
To offer Grace in every Case,  
She greatly doth rejoice.

2. In Places high, she stands to cry,  
To Men of great Degree,

I 2

Do

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Do you come in, and leave your Sin ?

Oh, come accept of me !

3. She also cries with Words most wise,  
In Gates of Concourse great,

O Sinners all to you I call,  
Accept of me I intreat.

4. To you, oh Men ! I call agen,  
My Voice doth to you sound,  
I shed my Blood to do you good,  
My Grace doth yet abound.

5. Hear Simple, and do understand  
My Wisdom, and my Fear :

My Righteousness I will express,  
To make your Knowledge clear,

6. Hark, I beseech, unto my Speech,  
Of Things most excellent ;  
All which are right, to your Delight,  
And to your Souls content.

7. For all the Words my Mouth shall speak,  
Are Truth and Uprightness ;  
And from my Lips doth not proceed  
No Sin nor Wickedness.

8. They are all plain, a Gospel-strain  
To them that understand :  
For all right Things, she always brings,  
And gives with lib'ral Hand.

9. Receive my Counsel constantly,  
And to my Knowledge hold ;  
My Merchandise doth far exceed  
Both Silyer and choice Gold.

10. Her Wisdom is more excellent  
Than Rubies that are rare ;  
And all the Things thou canst desire,  
Cannot with her compare.

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11. I Wisdom do with Prudence dwell,  
And Knowledge do find out ;  
Of Mystery divine and high  
Which I were sent about.
12. They that do truly fear the Lord,  
All Evil they do hate ;  
All Wickedness and what's perverse,  
I do abominate.
13. The sagest Counsel it is mine,  
Sound Wisdom I do give ;  
Both Strength and Understanding too,  
You shall of me receive.
14. It is by me that Kings do reign,  
And Justice do decree ;  
The Honour of the noble Ones,  
It doth proceed from me.
15. They that love me, it is because  
Of Love to them I had ;  
They that do seek me they shall find  
Their Hearts exceeding glad.
16. Riches and Honour are with me,  
Such Riches that endure ;  
My Righteousness you shall possess,  
For that's exceeding sure.
17. My Fruit much better is than Gold,  
Than Gold that is most fine ;  
My Righteousness and Holiness,  
Choice Silver doth out-shine.
18. I lead in Ways of Righteousness,  
In Paths of Judgment tread ;  
They that do follow my Conduct,  
They shall be safely led.
19. All those that do me truly love,  
Great Substance shall inherit ;

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I also will their Treasures fill,  
By pouring out my Spirit.

20. The Lord of old possessed me,  
When first his Thoughts began ;  
He viewed me in his Degree,  
To save lost sinful Man.

21. I was seeking before all Time,  
The Elect's Head to be,  
'Fore Man was made, the Lord he said,  
Their standing is in thee.

22. Before he form'd the liquid Depths,  
Or made the Ocean,  
Or Water Springs, I was set up  
To save lost sinful Man.

23. Before he had the Mountains made,  
Or Hills he did create :  
Before Earth's Dust did first consist,  
Or Man the highest Part.

24. When he the Heavens did prepare,  
In their vast Compas round ;  
Then was I by continually,  
As one that Favour found.

25. When he the Clouds established,  
That very swiftly fly ;  
When he Depths, Fountains, strengthened,  
I also then was by.

26. When that he gave the raging Sea,  
A settled firm Decree,  
That it should go but hitherto,  
Thus far its Bounds should be.

27. When all his many mighty Works,  
By his own Power were wrought ;  
Then was I by continually,  
And up by him was brought.

28. I daily

28. I daily was his Soul's Delight,  
And his eternal Rest;  
My greatest Joy it was, that I  
Should make the Blest blest.

29. Now therefore hear my Children dear,  
Oh, hearken all your Days,  
For you are blest above the rest,  
That do observe my Ways.

30. Hear my Instruction and be wise,  
And do it not refuse;  
Incline your Ear with holy Fear,  
And all my Precepts chuse.

31. Blessed, oh, blessed is the Man  
That alway me doth hear;  
And daily waits at Wisdom's Gates,  
And at her Doors appear.

32. For whosoever findeth me,  
Eternal Life shall gain;  
Which I do give that they may live  
And Favour may obtain.

33. Whoe're he be rejecteth me,  
His precious Soul doth wrong,  
And will be found for to be bound  
In Bonds of Death most strong.

---

**H Y M N XVI.**

*Proverbs ix. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6.*

1. **W**isdom hath builded up her House,  
Her seven Pillars hewen;  
Her stately Structure hath set up,  
Which she Abroad hath shewn.

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2. My Oxen and my Fatlings both,  
They are already slain ;  
My Sacrifice is offered, and if you please, all  
And what doth now remain.
3. My Wine and Drink is mingled,  
A Mixture choice and rare ;  
Mine and my Father's Heart you have,  
Oh, Love beyond compare !
4. My Table I have furnished,  
My Dainties set thereon ;  
Which I took Care for to prepare  
For you to feed upon.
5. My Maidens I have sent abroad,  
My Messengers to call ;  
Withal their Might, for to invite  
The Vilest of you all.
6. In Streets of Cities populous,  
There she doth stand and cry,  
My Grace is free accept of me,  
Oh, do not me deny !
7. To simple Sinners she doth call,  
Oh ! turn, turn in I pray,  
To him that Understanding wants,  
She thus to him doth say,
8. If you'll be fed, come eat my Bread,  
And drink my mingled Wine ;  
My Grace and Love doth to you move,  
The Father's Love and mine.
9. Forsake your foolish Company,  
And leave your Way of Sin ;  
Take up with Ways of Holiness,  
Then will true Joy begin.

HYMN

**H Y M N XVII.**

*Canticles iv. 7.*

1. **O** Thou, my Love, thou art all fair,  
There is no Spot in thee ;  
This is the Language of pure Love,  
For that no Fault can see.
2. What we that so polluted are,  
We scarce can think this true,  
That we should be accounted fair,  
When nought but Spots we view.
3. Eternal and Electing Love,  
That never did begin ;  
It maketh us Christ's Righteousnes,  
And it made him our Sin.
4. This pure and spotless Righteousnes  
That Jesus Christ wrought out,  
Imputed his that doth believe,  
And so it comes about.
5. This is a Mystery too great  
For Nature to unfold ;  
It's only Faith in exercise,  
This Glory can behold.
6. This glorious Project is too high,  
Above the Reach of Man ;  
The Angels pry, this Mystery  
Is more than they can scan.
7. What boundless Love's the Father's Love,  
For us laid up in Store ?  
In Jesus Christ his spotless Son,  
Lord, we can say no more.

8. To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,  
Adoring let's bow down ;  
We are all fair in's spotless Son,  
Free Grace shall wear the Crown.

---

## HYMN XVIII.

*Canticles i. 13.*

1. **M**Y Well-belov'd is most sweet,  
And of a fragrant Smell ;  
A Bundle of sweet smelling Myrrh,  
His Sweetness doth excel.
2. In Ordinances of his House,  
Contentment we do take,  
The Breasts of Consolations,  
Most joyful do us make.
3. There he doth give us of his Loaves,  
That doth our Hearts revive,  
We taste the Savour of his Grace,  
That keeps our Souls alive.
4. I' th' shining Day he is most sweet,  
And in the shady Night,  
He doth us safe conduct along,  
And guide our Steps aright.
5. When that it is the darkest Night,  
No Moon nor Stars are seen,  
Then doth his Love toward us move,  
Our Breasts he lies between.
6. Eternal and Electing Love,  
Not always by us seen ;  
Yet Jesus resteth in his Love,  
Our Bed is also green.

7. Upon

7. Upon the Bed of Love we lie,  
On Jesus we do rest ;  
His Garments alway smell of Myrrh,  
A Field the Lord hath blest.

8. With purest Robes we cover'd are,  
Of his own Righteousness ;  
Perfumed with sweet-smelling Myrrh,  
The Bundle not the lefs.

9. Our dearest Jefus we adore,  
Who art exalted high ;  
That with us on the Bed of Love  
Doth rest eternally.

---

**H Y M N XIX.**

*Isaiah xii.*

1. **A**ND in that Day thou thus shalt say,  
O Lord, I will thee praise ;  
Thine Anger turned is away,  
And we do see good Days.

2. Behold, God's my Salvation,  
My Faith it refeth here ;  
Believe I must, and in him trust,  
'Gainst Unbelief and Fear.

3. For great **Jehovah** is my Strength,  
And my melodious Song ;  
He is my Hope and Confidence,  
And my Salvation.

4. Therefore with Joy continually,  
We may draw Water here ;  
Salvation's Well our Buckets fill,  
With Waters Chryſtal clear.

**5. And**

5. And in those Days thou shalt him praise,  
And call upon his Name ;  
And shall declare his mighty Works,  
And spread abroad his Fame.
6. Make mention that Jehovah's Name,  
Exalted is on high ;  
Thro' Zion round, his Praise doth sound,  
And that most gloriously.
7. Sing to Jehovah Songs of Praise,  
For Wonders he hath shown ;  
Transcendent Things to pass he brings,  
In all the Earth is known.
8. Cry out, and shout all round about,  
That on Mount Zion dwell ;  
For mighty's he in Midst of thee,  
The God of Israel.

---

## HYMN XX.

*Isaiah v.*

1. **N**OW will I sing to my Beloved,  
A Song that's tuned well ;  
Touching a pleasant Vineyard, he  
Planted on Zion's Hill.
2. My Well-beloved, purchased  
This Field with Price of Blood,  
And paid a Value infinite,  
He counted it so good.
3. My Well-beloved's Vineyard, was  
Planted on fruitful Ground ;  
With choicest Vines of Israel,  
And also walled round.

4. He

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4. He gathered out the Stones thereof,  
And Things that did offend ;  
That it might be a fruitful Soil,  
Was that he did intend.
5. He built a Wine-press in it too,  
A very useful Thing ;  
That he the pleasant Fruit thereof,  
Might to Perfection bring.
6. He also built a Tower therein,  
On which his Watchmen stand,  
For to secue its Passages,  
From Satan's furious Hand.
7. My Well-belov'd looked for  
Most pleasant Grapes therefore ;  
Which should be right, to his Delight,  
But yet it brought forth sow'r.
8. And now, O Men of *Judah* ! judge  
And of *Jerusalem* ;  
What could I do more for this Vine,  
Than I have done for them.

These following Sacramental Hymns  
were found in Mr. Browning's  
Study, and used by him at the  
Lord's Table.

Note, That at the End of every Hymn these  
two Verses may be added.

*Hosannah to King David's Son!*

*Hosannah to the Christ!*

*Who in th' Almighty's Name doth come,*

*Hosannah in the high'ſt!*

*To him that thus hath loved us,*

*And cancel'd out our Score,*

*In the pure Flood of his own Blood,*

*Be Praise for evermore.*

### HYMN I.

1. **T**HE Heavens shew forth, O Lord, thy  
And shall we silent be? [Praise,  
Discharge us of the Earth, and raise  
Our Souls in Songs to thee.
2. The cheary Angels sweetly sing,  
Their Trumpets always sound:  
Let us make Heaven and Earth to ring,  
We stand on higher Ground.
3. Our Woe did by our Fall begin,  
We in our Blood did lye!  
Grace took Advantage by our Sin,  
Itself to glorify.

4. In crooked Ways (when we were lost,  
By Sin, when we were slain)  
Love spar'd no Pains to seek, nor Cost  
To make us love again.

5. From Heav'n like Worms we crept away  
Christ found us in his Grave ;  
Next to his Heart he did us lay,  
And dying did us save.

6. Our Tongues thy Trumpets are, and we  
Would serve thee all our Days :  
Give us that Heart, whose Pulse may be,  
Thy quick and constant Praise.

*Hosannah to King, &c.*

---

## HYMN II.

1. **B**UT that our Flesh is turp'd to Stone,  
But that we scarce can see ;  
Our Hearts would melt, O Lord, and groan  
That we should senseless be.

2. The Sun's approach doth, as we see,  
Still make the Earth more brave ;  
What barren Hearts, O Lord, have we,  
Yet hotter Beams we have,

3. He that doth find a Silver Vein,  
Rejoyceth in that Toy.  
Thou hast us blest with greater Gain ;  
Oh ! fill our Hearts with Joy.

4. There's no such Thing as Love in Men,  
Comparing theirs with thine ;  
Christ drank to us in Blood, and then  
Bade us pledge him in Wine.

54 He

5. He did forsake his Father's Throne,  
That he might Glory give ;  
He did assume our Flesh and Bone ;  
He dies that we might live.  
6. He left his Joy to feel our Smart ;  
His Ruin did us raise :  
This Love, O Lord, doth break our Hearts,  
Oh ! let it mend our Praise.

*Hosannah to King, &c.*

### HYMN III.

1. COME, come and see ! fall'n Man is up,  
Dead Lazarus is rais'd,  
And doth with his dear Saviour sup :  
His Pow'r and Love be prais'd.  
2. May Servants thus with their Lord sit,  
As if they were his Mates ?  
Yea, this our Master doth permit ;  
Nay, more, mean while he waits.  
3. But Lazarus he his Friend did call,  
We Traytors to him were ;  
Nor could we rise without his Fall ;  
What matchless Love is here !  
4. We gasping lay for want of Breath,  
And Help we could not crave :  
He was content to taste of Death,  
That we his Life might have.  
5. The Scripture faith, this Holy One  
Might not Corruption see ;  
But yet he may be fed upon  
By such poor Worms as we.

6. Thou

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6. Thou giv'st us leave to eat, and rest;

Let's also walk with thee:

Thou, Lord, dost carve us of thy best,

And wholly thine are we.

*Hosannah to King, &c.*

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#### HYMN IV.

1. **L**EFT up your Voice, let Trumpets sound,

Let Saints on Earth sing Praise:

Could we but till, here's fruitful Ground

Whence we that Rent might raise.

2. The glorious Sun begins to rise,

And on our Face to shine;

Let Clouds disperse, let's wipe our Eyes,

Our Joy is God's Design.

3. Peace guilty Conscience, prate no more:

We were in debt, 'tis true,

But Christ our Lord hath paid our Score:

Love only now is due.

4. Clear up sad Hearts look not so ill;

Some kind of Tears defile;

Christ shed his Blood our Veins to fill;

Sanguine Complexion smile.

5. Praise doth become Saints here below,

As well as them above;

Thy Praise with us shall Heav'n-ward grow,

Only cheer up thy Love.

6. 'Tis Mercy we can call thee ours,

That doth prevent Despair:

Do but thou say, Yea, I am yours,

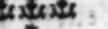
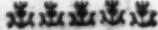
And then in Heav'n we are.

*Hosannah to King, &c.*

HYMN

## HYMN IV.

1. **R**ouse up dull Hearts, awake and sing,  
'Tis Day ; how can you sleep ?  
The Sun's Approach makes Joy to spring ;  
'Tis clear ; how can you weep ?
2. Each pretty Bird can pleasant be,  
Yet is their Portion small :  
Oh ! what unthankful Hearts have we,  
That droop and yet have all ?
3. With Man one Cord of Love doth bind  
One courteous Act doth gain :  
How can we but his Praises sing ?  
When Love our Way makes plain.
4. As if we were some rich Gold Ring,  
Drop'd from the Father's Hand :  
Christ stooping fell, us back to bring,  
By him we rose, we stand.
5. Our Lord exalted is on high,  
In him we comfort have :  
Wherewith to wipe our weeping Eye,  
He left Cloaths in his Grave.
6. Well may we be at his Command,  
And Presents to him bring :  
Lord clear and tune us with thy Hand,  
So shall we work, and sing.  
*Hosannah to King, &c.*



HYMN VI.

1. **W**Here are those bless'd united Ones  
That have supp'd with their King ;  
Spoil not his Feast with Sighs and Groans,  
Lift up your Voice, let's sing ;
2. Or let us only mourn, that we  
Our Comforter should grieve,  
Who poured forth his Blood, that he  
Therewith might us relieve.
3. Let's weep that we for ev'ry Toy  
Shou'd thus like Children cry ;  
Or rather let us weep for Joy  
That Grace doth wipe our Eye.
4. Those that can see their Father smile,  
May laugh, tho' others frown :  
If Heav'n be ours, let Earth seem vile,  
'Tis all not worth a Crown.
5. Why should we fear tho' Mountains shake,  
Tho' Seas lift up their Voice ?  
While some fall down, while others quake,  
In God let us rejoice.
6. What Cause have we to bless thy Name,  
Oh ! That we could give Praise :  
Then shall we, Lord, lift up the same  
When thou our Heart shalt raise.  
*Hosannah to King, &c.*

## HYMN VII.

1. **I**F with some Earthly Prince to sit  
Be such a glorious Thing,  
Oh, how great Dignity is it  
To Feast with Heaven's King !

2. Our Father's House has Bread enough,  
His Board is richly spread ;  
To whose Provision that's poor Stuff  
Whereon we sometimes fed.

3. The smallest Crumb we cannot earn,  
As due we cannot claim ;  
Yet are we full, could we but Learn  
To praise his Holy Name.

4. The Dainties which thou dost afford,  
We no where else can see :  
Here shall we therefore choose to board  
Here shall our Dwelling be.

5. And if a Glance so clear the Heart,  
What will a full View do,  
Whilst under Age we have but part  
Of what we are born to.

6. We trust we shall have more at last,  
For which we wait, and crave :  
Mean while we bless thee for that Taste,  
Which now through Grace we have.  
*Hosannah to King, &c.*



HYMN

### HYMN VIII.

THY People's Praise, great God of Love,  
Well may it wait for thee,  
or thou dost wait still from above  
That thou might'st gracious be.  
The greater Sort dost thou forget,  
But we remember'd are ;  
whilst others are without, we fit  
Under thy tender Care.  
Not unto us, dear Lord, ah ! no,  
Not unto us, but thee :  
From all this Grace, let Glory grow,  
Thy Name exalted be.  
What poor provoking Dust are we ?  
But yet not swept away :  
What Place for such too low can be ?  
Yet Grace hath guilt our Clay.  
Our Help did in thy Bosom lye,  
From whence, to shew thy Grace,  
thy Son, our Lord, must come to dye,  
That we might have his Place.  
Fain would we come, dear God, to thee,  
Oh, let thy Hand us raise ;  
then shall we all thy Trumpets be  
To thine eternal Praise.  
*Hosannah to King, &c.*

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### HYMN IX.

WHAT Bounty, Lord, what matchless  
Haft thou to us made known ? (Love,  
What costly Pearls dropp'd from above,  
And from thy Hand alone.

2. Thou

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2. Thou hast redeemed us from that Grave  
Wherein we rotting lay,  
These naked Souls, how fine, how brave  
They are since t'other Day ?

3. Whence are those glor'ous Crowns, those Rings  
Which to our Share do fall ?  
Can Beggars Brats deserve such Things ?  
No sure ! Grace gave them all.

4. Where had we been ? what had we done  
If left to Nature's Light ?  
We might have worshipped the Sun,  
Dear God ! thou knowest we might.

5. But thou a brighter Sun hast sent,  
Which in our Hearts doth shine ;  
Whose Light us to thyself hath sent,  
And all whose Beams are thine.

6. Oh ! let it more and more increase  
Until its Course be run,  
Until our glim'ring Light shall cease,  
And we dwell in the Sun.

*Hosannah to King, &c.*

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HYMN X.

1. **T**IS Angels Work to bless and sing,  
'Tis not the Saints alone ;  
When they shall sit each like a King,  
Praise will become their Throne.

2. But what poor Instruments are we,  
All out of Tune, unstrung ?  
Unless he our Musician be,  
Who can give Dust a Tongue ?

3. The

3. The Nature of this Work is such,  
That while we sing we groan;  
Because we foul whate'er we touch;  
Ours is a doleful Tone.

4. But he that hath compos'd our Song,  
Can put our Hearts in tune:  
Tho' we be weak, yet he is strong;  
Here let thy Strength be shewn!

5. How falsely have we dealt with thee?  
Yet thou dost trust us still:  
Fain would we henceforth faithful be  
According to thy Will.

6. Thy Grace doth aggravate our Sin,  
Oh! Might it kill the same;  
Then shall we Angel-like begin  
To praise thy glorious Name. H  
*Hosannah to King, &c.*

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## H Y M N XI.

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1. **W**HAT Dainties doth our Lord prepare?  
What Guests doth he invite?  
May Worms divide such curious Fare?  
Doubtless 'tis not their Right.

2. Poor Beggars are not serv'd in State,  
Their Posture is to stand;  
Their proper Place is at the Gate,  
Crufts only fit their Hand.

3. How comes it then to pass that we,  
That we are bid draw near  
That we are bid sit down by thee,  
And welcome to such Cheap?

4. Ah,

4. Ah not because we are not peer  
Have we this Favour found ;  
But Mercy is with thee in store :  
That only is the Ground.

5. Oh ! blessed be the Lord of Love,  
Who ask'd not what we were,  
But bad his only Son remove,  
That so we might draw near.

6. Since thou hast made our Souls a Feast,  
Oh, make us thankful too ;  
And whilst some others praise in Jest,  
Let us both say and do.

*Hosannah to King, &c.*

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## HYMN XII.

1. **T**HAT glorious Grace, that Grace of Love  
That Grace of Love divine,  
How clearly doth it from above  
Upon our Faces shine ?

2. Love was at Work before we were  
Five Thousand Years or more :  
Time only makes those Things appear  
That Love hath wrought before.

3. Like silly Sheep we wand'ring went,  
We went we know not where ;  
Love cry'd as we to Hell were bent,  
*This is the Way, walk here.*

4. In a short Time, and for poor Crumbs  
We all our Portion spent ;  
Love freely gave far greater Sums  
Then what before were lent.

5. Our

5. Our only Danger is from Sin,  
Thence comes the greatest Harm :  
But Love hath safely hedg'd us in  
With its inclosing Arm.

6. How can we now but with him walk,  
When Love hath pav'd our Way ?  
Oh ! let's not spend our Time in Talk,  
Let's run, let's make no Stay.

*Hosannah to King, &c.*

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### HYMN XIII.

1. **W**HAT shall we say, dear God to thee ?  
How shall we praise thy Name ?  
Fain would we somewhat thankful be ;  
Silence will speak our Shame.

2. But can we by a Word or two,  
Think to express thy Praise ?  
Words are poor Things, what shall we do ?  
Tongues talk, but Practice pays.

3. And yet alas, what can we do ?  
What should our Present be ?  
Thou art so high, and we so low,  
How can these Hands reach thee ?

4. But tho' our Crowns can never reach,  
Nor fit thy glorious Head,  
Yet at thy Feast thou dost us teach,  
Our Robes of Praise to spread.

5. And tho' thy Rent we cannot make,  
'Till thou shalt bless our Store ;  
Yet Lord, we pray thee stoop and take  
This Mite 'till we have more.

6. The Grace of Christ whereon we stand  
 Doth some Advantage give :  
 Do thou but lend thy raising Hand,  
 We then with thee shall live.  
*Hosannah to King, &c.*

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### HYMN XIV.

1. **W**hence is it that this Bread and Wine,  
 Such Soul refreshing yield ?  
 This springs not from the common Vine,  
 Nor grows in ev'ry Field.

2. 'Tis curious Fare, this Children's Bread,  
 It is both Bread and Meat,  
 Whereby we are both taught and fed,  
 Which we may safely eat.

3. It breeds no Worms, nor shall they dye  
 Who truly eat this Bread :  
 The Feeder is transformed thereby  
 And no bad Humour fed.

4. 'Tis no intoxicating Cup  
 That is put in our Hand ;  
 Which if we could but drink it up  
 Would all our Cares disband.

5. O blessed be that gracious Hand  
 That holds and fills the same !  
 And gladly would we see that Land  
 From whence this Bread first came.

6. Thou Lord who art the God of Peace,  
 Who art our Strength and Stay,  
 Let Comfort by thy Means increase,  
 And let the Flesh decay.

S.

7. *Hosannah*

7. *Hosannah to King David's Son!*  
*Hosannah to the Christ?*  
*Who in th' Almighty's Name doth come,*  
*Hosannah in the high'ſt!*

8. *To him that thus hath loved us,*  
*And cancel'd out our Score*  
*In the pure Flood of his own Blood,*  
*Be Praise for evermore.*

*Additional SACRAMENTAL HYMNS*  
*by other Hands.*

**H Y M N XV.**

1. **O** UR holy Mediator Christ,  
 In Time appeared Flesh,  
 To reconcile our Souls to God  
 In Truth and Righteousness.
2. Our Nature he upon him took  
 On which grim Death did paſs,  
 And to appease his Father's Wrath  
 He crucified was.
3. This Power he had to lay Life down  
 And take it up again;  
 The Godhead did in him triumph  
 Altho' his Flesh had Pain.
4. And as a Conqueror, took Place  
 At his Father's Right Hand,  
 The Cherubims of Glory all  
 About his Throne do stand.

5. His Spirit now has Influence  
Upon the Hearts of those  
(With full divine Authority)  
Whom he before had chose.

6. To keep them safe they might not fall  
As once they did before,  
But in Communion live with him,  
And serve him evermore.

## HYMN XVI.

1. **T**HOU art all Love, my dearest' Lord,  
Thou art all lovely too,  
Thy Love I at thy Table taste  
Thy Loveliness I view.

2. Thy divine Beauty, vail'd with Flesh,  
Thy Enemies despise ;  
Thy mangled Body they disdain,  
And turn from thee their Eyes.

3. But thou more lovely art to me  
For all that thou hast borne :  
Each Cloud sets off thy Lustre more,  
Thee all thy Scars adorn.

4. Thy Garments tinctur'd with thy Blood,  
The best and noblest Dye,  
Outshine the Robes that Princes wear ;  
Thy Thorns their Gems out-vie.

5. That I may be all Love to thee,  
And lovely like thee too,  
O cleanse me with thy precious Blood  
And me thy Beauty shew.

6. My former Vows I now renew :  
O Lord, as thou art mine ;

Behold

Behold I give my Heart to thee,  
For ever I'll be thine.

## HYMN XVII.

1. **H**OW many Miracles of Love,  
What Mysteries of Grace,  
Has th' Ever-blessed Jesus shown  
To *Adam's* sinful Race !
2. That he should humbly condescend,  
Our mortal Flesh to wear ;  
Our Sickneses, our Sorrows all  
And numerous Sins to bear !
3. Was't not enough, thou Holy One,  
To lay aside thy Crown,  
And, in a Servant's Form, on Earth  
To wander up and down ?
4. Was't not enough with Sighs and Teats  
Our Miseries to deplore,  
To teach us by thy blameless Life ?  
But wouldest thou still do more.
5. Whence is this unexampled Love,  
To wretched Humankind ?  
What to attract thy Heart couldst thou  
In loathsome Sinners find ?
6. Yet loaded with our Sins and Pains,  
Thou through Death's Vale wouldest go  
That we made innocent and free,  
The Way of Life might know.
7. Worthy art thou, *O Lamb of God,*  
Among thy Saints to reign,  
Who to redeem them by thy Blood,  
Wast once an Offering slain.

HYMN

## HYMN XVIII.

1. **H**ere is a Banquet thou hast made,  
A Table of fat Things,  
Replenished it always is,  
Food suitable for Kings.
2. The Fare is thine, of thine own Cost,  
The Lamb is of thy Fold ;  
It is the best in all the Flock,  
Better to us than Gold.
3. No Spot in him was ever found,  
No Blemish but all pure,  
Yet for us he had many a Wound,  
Thy Wrath he did endure.
4. He drank a full Draught of thy Cup,  
That no Wrath might remain,  
That we might drink in Draughts of Love,  
And live to thee again.
5. And spend our Days upon the Earth,  
In Joy through thine own Spirit,  
Until we come thy Glory great,  
In Heaven to inherit.

## HYMN XIX.

1. **Y**OU that the holy Jesus Love,  
Give Honour to his Name ;  
The great Achievements of his Grace,  
In thankful Verse proclaim.
2. Tho' what your highest Thought surmounts,  
Can never be express'd ;  
Yet something of it you may tell,  
And wonder out the rest.

3. Remember

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3. Remember all his mighty Deeds,  
His Sorrows all review ;  
How he abus'd his glorious Self,  
To bleed and die for you.

4. Remember all the Shame and Scorn,  
The Vinegar and Gall,  
The gaping Wounds thro' which he pour'd  
His Vital Juices all.

5. His Sorrows, as his Vertues were  
Innumerable found ;  
Troubles from Earth, from Heav'n and Hell  
His spotless Soul surround.

6. Crucify'd by the worst of Men,  
Forsaken by the best ;  
With th' endless Number of our Sins,  
Sins mighty Weight oppress'd.

7. He felt the Curses of the Law,  
His Father's Wrath sustain'd,  
Endur'd the cruel Shock of all  
The Powers of Hell unchain'd.

8. But after all victorious prov'd,  
In Triumph did ascend,  
And now prepares us Crowns and Thrones,  
And Joys that ne're shall end.

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## HYMN XX.

1. **H**osanna to King *David's* Son,  
Hosanna to the Christ,  
That in the Father's Name doth come,  
Hosanna in the high'ft.

2. For thou wast slain, and art alive,  
Redeeming us to God,

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From every Nation, Kindred, Tongue,  
By thy most precious Blood.

3. Corruptive Things, as Silver is,  
And Gold redeem'd us not,  
But Christ, our Saviour's precious Blood,  
A Lamb without a Spot.

4. To Him that sits upon the Throne,  
And Christ the Lamb therefore,  
Be Glory, Blessing, Strength renown,  
And Honour evermore.

**F I N I S.**



